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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On the 24th the Allied armies, advancing in a general line, reached the old German frontier as it existed before 1870. Thus the French people regain possession of the two fair provinces, unscathed by war, towards which they have turned longing eyes for forty-eight years. Who, a year ago, could have predicted so auspicious a termination to this struggle? The entry of the French into Metz and Strasburg, the triumphal march of their columns through the beautiful valleys and woods of Alsace and Lorraine must surely be the most dramatic climax in history. Hardly less so is the entry of King Albert into Brussels, the march of British and French troops through Belgium or that of the United States troops through Luxembourg. Periodically, for many centuries past, British troops have fought over the plains of Belgium and Flanders. Why should these unfortunate countries form the cockpit of Europe? There can hardly be a square mile of them that has not been watered with the blood of Britons, French, Germans, Austrians, Spaniards and Dutchmen.

For the past fortnight the German armies have been retreating across the Rhine. Though they have abandoned quantities of material and numerous guns, yet they appear to have retained their cohesion. Their ideas of discipline seem, however, to have been somewhat modified, inasmuch as the officers are said to be fraternising with the rank and file. Two Army Commanders have expressed their determination to re-establish the former regime. With the forces at their disposal they will probably be able to do so, provided the Allies do not intervene. The Germans cannot now, however, in view of their heavy losses in guns, machine guns, and morale, oppose an effective resistance to the overwhelming forces of the Allies. The occupation of Strasburg, moreover, has given the Allies a western gateway

into Bavaria; and the people of that country—another of the European cockpits—will, we may be sure, be glad to avert invasion at any price.

Four years and all but four months have passed since King Albert stood in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies and exhorted his subjects to withstand the German. Such is the force of individual heroism that they obeyed him, though there were many Germans or philo-Germans in Belgium at the time, particularly in Antwerp. They obeyed him, and offered the handful of their troops against the onswEEPing millions of the Kaiser. And they stopped the tiger-spring: they and French's contemptible army upset the German timetable, and saved France and England. Well may King Albert, with Cardinal Mercier and Burgomaster Max, and General Leman at his side, congratulate his subjects on their exploits. The King and Queen of the Belgians are the hero and heroine of this war: yet—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askalon—the King is a Saxe-Coburger and the Queen is a Bavarian.

King Albert's speech is a model of good taste. There is no boasting, and no unseemly abuse of his now prostrate enemy. The horrors of the German occupation, during which the Germans with incredible meanness and callous inhumanity, allowed the Americans and the British to feed their captives, are passed over with a few scornful words, and the resolve to demand reparation. But King Albert rightly alluded to the insufficiency of the guarantee on which the safety and independence of Belgium had been allowed to rest. The independence of Belgium had been guaranteed by the treaty of 1839, to which all the Great Powers of Europe, including Germany, were parties, and it had failed to protect it—had been torn up as "a scrap of paper." In future Belgium will seek other means of protecting its independence, though what those means should be King Albert did not indicate. We can understand Belgium refusing any longer to be "a guaranteed State"; and for its safety we think it ought to be given the left bank of the Scheldt, if Holland can be compensated.

The Belgians have been exceedingly kind to such of our unfortunate prisoners as found their way into Belgium from German camps, and have more than repaid any hospitality shown to Belgians in this country. It is now evident that in settling the terms of the armistice, the French and British generals made two great omissions. They ought to have stipulated that all prisoners should not only be liberated, but provided with food and clothing to reach the frontiers. And they ought to have demanded that all the prison commandants, of whom they have a list, should be surrendered at once. This delay in bringing the prison commandants to justice, will turn out to be fatal, for they have been given time to escape; and we wager that by the time their surrender comes to be demanded they will all have disappeared. Already it is more than probable that they have all stolen off to Holland or to Switzerland, and we shall never get them. As we have said before, the War Office, and the War Office alone, is to blame for the neglect of the case of the prisoners.

Probably, nothing that the Kaiser has done will cause him to be more hated and despised by his former subjects than the discovery of his secret hoard of provisions at Potsdam. It is these little things that touch men, and are remembered when greater crimes are forgiven or forgotten. The obtrusion on mankind of a want of community of feeling for or with them, is more offensive to human vanity than active cruelty. Byron remarks, with his usual penetration, that the single expression of Napoleon on returning to Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, "This is pleasanter than Moscow," would probably alienate more favour from his cause than all his reverses. That the Kaiser should have lost the war is bad; but that he should have hidden food from his dear Germans is unpardonable.

We read in the papers that various big hotels are being taken in Paris for the accommodation of the American and British representatives at the Peace Conference, which is to begin its labours after the New Year. Are not these preparations a little "previous," as the Americans would say? For with whom are peace negotiations to begin? To negotiate the terms of peace the first requisite is a government. But there is at present no government in Central Europe or in Russia, and little likelihood of there being one for a long time to come. Russia has been without a government for over two years: and there seems every prospect of the revolutions in Germany and Austria following a similar, though perhaps less bloody, course.

The German Empire is broken into wrangling fragments. In North Germany, there seems to be a kind of revival of the Hanseatic League, a republic with Hamburg as its capital. In Prussia there seems to be an idea of incorporating German-Austria into a German Republic. Bavaria appears to have decided to separate from Prussia, and form a South German Republic. Saxony, Wurtemberg, Baden, and Hesse are floating about in indecision. Hungary does not know whether to recall Karl and make him King, or to follow the Republican fashion. Bohemia and Croatia are trying to found a State. In Siberian Omsk an Admiral has arisen, who proclaims himself Dictator of all the Russians. Is there any possibility of the present Socialist Government at Berlin getting a Constituent Assembly elected by the New Year? Or if elected is there any probability of its agreeing on a form of government for the German Empire? It is very serious, for there is no government anywhere with which the Allies can make a Treaty of Peace.

With all respect to the French experts, who are unnamed by the newspapers that quote them, we venture to assert that the ex-Kaiser is not extraditable. By a code of law agreed amongst most, but not all nations, one country will give up to another a person charged with one of the crimes specified in the Treaty of Extradition, provided that sufficient *prima facie* evidence is laid before the Government asked to surrender the culprit. Extraditable offences are crimes against the person or property committed by a private individual. Crimes against governments are political and non-extraditable. The Kaiser's crimes are heavy and numerous enough, but they were committed by him as the Head of a State, viz., the German Empire, and cannot come within a treaty of extradition. Whether the Kaiser is now a private individual is irrelevant.

The diplomatic documents relating to the outbreak of war, published by the Bavarian Socialists tell us nothing that we didn't know. But they have created a sensation in Germany, because the Germans have never been allowed to read any of the white, blue, or yellow books published by the Allies, but have been told by their own Foreign Office that Germany was dragged into the war against her will. The lies and disguises and pretences by which the plot was carried out smack of the sensational stage. The Kaiser went to Norway on a pretended yachting trip: the War

Minister and Foreign Secretary left Berlin on a sham holiday. So effective were these tricks that Sir Edward Goschen, our Ambassador at Berlin, left for his holiday, as did Sir Maurice de Bunsen, our Ambassador at Vienna. Both hurried back to their posts. The President of the French Republic and M. Viviani were also on the sea when the order for mobilisation was given by the Kaiser.

The King and Prince of Wales left London on Wednesday for a ten days' tour in France. The French have a genius for public rejoicings, and we may be sure that Paris presented a more impressive and artistic scene than London did the week before last with its squalid and indiscriminate roysterings. Somehow or other we have failed to welcome the peace in a worthy or dignified manner, partly owing to a latent sense of disappointment with the way in which the war has ended. King George of Britain and King Albert of Belgium represent the principle of Constitutional Monarchy in the Entente, and it must be admitted our Kings contrast not unfavourably with other sovereignties. Russia at the beginning of the war was governed by an Autocrat, who was succeeded by unlimited Democracy, of which the less said the better. France was, and is, governed by a Republic, and Belgium and Britain helped to save the French nation from the negligence of its pre-war government.

On the termination of every war which has been prolonged over two or three years certain difficulties respecting the personnel of the Regular Army invariably arise. A large number of men have been retained with the colours beyond the terms of their engagement. These would, in the ordinary course, be relegated to the Army Reserve, or, if already Reserve men, to unemployment. So large an exodus would, however, leave the Regular Army too weak to fulfil its duties of furnishing the overseas garrisons and providing an expeditionary force ready to move at short notice to any part of the world. If the ranks were filled up with new recruits all serving under the same engagement of seven years with the colours, then, seven years later the same difficulty would arise and another exodus would take place. It is, therefore, necessary to distribute this exodus over three years. In the present case this distribution is to be effected by inducing men, in equal numbers, to remain with the colours for one, two or three years. If sufficient men are not forthcoming, the other alternative of engaging recruits for varying terms of service will doubtless be adopted.

The one really good argument against holding a General Election its opponents have, of course, missed. The next three or four weeks are perhaps the most critical, not to say dangerous, in the transition from war to peace. A mistake made now in the handling of the hundreds of thousands of workers who are being dismissed from war factories might provoke something like a revolution. Yet at this critical period the Prime Minister and all his colleagues, that is, the heads of all the great departments, are away from their posts electioneering. The mental and physical strength which is wanted at Whitehall is being dissipated on provincial platforms. Yet even to this it might be answered that the elections must be got over before the peace conferences begin in January. To which the Asquithites might rejoinder that the elections ought to be postponed till the summer. That, we sur-rejoinder, would be keeping the new electors out of their rights for over two years.

The secession of Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Clynes deals two blows at the Coalition from opposite sides of its multiform construction. Lord Robert Cecil is the intelligent and cultured type of the public-school-University-barrister politician; and Mr. Clynes is perhaps the cleverest and one of the most honest of the Labour Members. Both men retire on grounds of principle, for which the respectable will respect them, however the Coalition wirepullers may pooh and pish at their scruples. The attachment of the Cecil family

to the Established Church is well known, and Lord Robert thinks the Prime Minister's offer of a "deal" over the endowments of the Welsh Church implies an approval of the principle of disestablishment and disendowment, as well as an attack upon the wider principle of the security of property. We are glad to discover one statesman who admits the difference between *meum* and *tuum*.

Mr. Clynes resigns because the Labour Party has called the Labour Members out of the Government. This must involve a serious pecuniary sacrifice on the part of Mr. Clynes, and is therefore honourable. But was it necessary? For what is the Labour Party? There are four or five Labour parties, or sections of Labour politicians. There is the section led by Mr. Arthur Henderson, backed by the Fabians, and Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald and Snowden. There is the section led by Messrs. Hodge, Roberts, and Barnes, the old Trade-Unionist leaders. There is the section led by Mr. Havelock Wilson; and there is the Bolshevik section led by Messrs. Smillie, Anderson, and Watson. Outside these groups, there is Mr. John Burns, in "splendid isolation," and we are not sure where Mr. Thomas, a man of considerable ability and honesty, comes in. To whom does Mr. Clynes, who has been an admirable Food Controller, owe such implicit allegiance that he must abandon an important post at such a moment?

The Labour Party's Manifesto, which is described as a challenge to reaction, is certainly not characterised by moderation, or even common sense. It is the high-water mark of that tide of cosmopolitanism or internationalism which has swept over Russia, and which will, unless dammed, submerge the civilisation of the Western world. Taking self-determination as its keynote, it would destroy "the nation" as a political and economic unit, and plunge the western and eastern hemispheres into a chaos of anarchy. Russian Bolshevism is, of course, to be allowed to go its own way, and Home Rule to be given to Ireland and India. There is in future to be no compulsory military service; and land, railways, mines, shipping, armaments, electric power, are to be taken over by the State, whether by confiscation or compensation is not stated. A million houses are to be built by the State, and let at rents presumably fixed by the tenants. There is to be no economic war—only civil war amongst ourselves.

Our contemporaries, *The Westminster Gazette*, *The Nation*, and *The New Statesman*, exhibit a very human, but not very rational, peevishness against the Coalition. All Coalitions impose hardships and disappointments upon individual members and candidates, and there are as many Conservatives as Liberals who are snuffed out by the arrangements of the Headquarters Staff. But when our contemporaries take to quoting Burke about the sanctity of party ties, and denounce Mr. Lloyd George for selling himself to the Tories, we must remind them that there was a Coalition between the Liberals and the Irish Nationalists which carried the Liberal Party through three elections, and secured them an unbroken reign of power from 1906 to 1914.

Mr. Gladstone, with that capacity of identifying his interest with his principles in which he was unrivalled, declared towards the end of his life that the junction of the English Liberals with the Irish Home Rulers was the only way to save England from revolution. He bequeathed this convenient legacy to Campbell-Bannerman, who left it to Mr. Asquith. For eight years the pivot of British politics was Irish Nationalism, a cause which is pretty generally recognized to-day as dangerous and disreputable, and which certainly was one of the chief contributory causes that impelled the Kaiser into war. Does it lie in the mouths of those Liberals who profited by this Irish Coalition to denounce Mr. Lloyd George for coalescing with the Tories, because after the experience of the war he finds them more trustworthy allies than the Radicals? For that is what the Wolverhampton speech comes to. "I want," said the Prime Minister, "a strong Government, supported

by men on whom I can rely. I have had enough of conspiracies to destroy Government, and I claim the right to pick my men."

It is not to be expected that the old Liberals will ever forgive this insult, and we regard the breach between them and Mr. Lloyd George as irreparable, or we should so regard it, did we not remember Dryden's line,

"For politicians neither love nor hate."

The New Statesman is making a gallant effort to form a Coalition between the Labour Party and the Intellectuals to fight the Bureaucrats and the Millionaires. The suggestion is plausible, and the union might be attractive to the unhappy class that lives by brains, and is like to be crushed between the upper and the nether millstones of Trade-Unions and Trusts, but for one fact. The intellectuals who write the speeches and articles of the Labour Party are Mr. Sidney Webb and his wife, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and the Fabians, and they are the advocates of a system of Socialistic State tyranny, which will never, we hope and believe, be popular in this country. When all the old political connections are breaking up, coalitions are inevitable, and many will be tried.

Whatever else we are going to gain from the new era, to which idealists look forward with such pathetic confidence, there is one thing we certainly shall lose, namely, personal liberty. What with the yellow forms of the bureaucrats, and the prices of the mammoth trusts, and the stern and capricious decrees of the unions in the matter of light, fuel, water, and travelling, we are in for a period of slavery, the more galling and irresistible because unaccompanied by blows and chains, against which revolt is justified. Take the case of the Albert Hall and the Bolsheviks. The directors of the Albert Hall refused the use of the building to Mr. Lansbury on account of the revolutionary character of the previous meeting held under his auspices. Without an hour's warning the electric light was cut off at the main outside the building by the Electrical Workers Union, and the whole of South Kensington was threatened with a similar punishment. Full of sympathy, the taxi-drivers threatened to boycott the Victory Ball.

It is needless to say that the directors of the Albert Hall "reconsidered their decision," and agreed to open their doors to the spouters of anarchical and incendiary speeches, the wavers of red flags, and the young men who jeered at the wounded soldiers. Truly "a victory for the Labour movement," as the manager of the hall observed: but just think what it means. We are dependent for the safety of our bodies and our houses on a trade-union of policemen: for our coals on a trade-union of colliers; for our light on trade-unions of electrical and gas workers; for our water on trade-unions of turn-cocks and other workers. These unions have realised their power, and seeing the community helpless, they mean to use it. The worst of the Roman Cæsars or the French Kings did not exercise a more cruel tyranny. This country may be made "fit for heroes to live in": we hope so, for none but heroes will be able to live in it.

A foreigner, on reading the speeches of Mr. Barnes and the Prime Minister at Wolverhampton, would come to the conclusion that before the war England was in a state of barbarism; that the rich ground the faces of the poor; and that the working-classes lived in "disgraceful" conditions of dirt and poverty. What nonsense all this is, and how harmful is this exaggeration! Before the war England was the most civilised country in the world, though whether she will continue so under unlimited democracy is to our mind very doubtful. Nowhere was living so cheap or comfort so widely diffused. Allowing for the difference of cost of living in the United States, the British working-classes were paid more and had more and better food than the workmen in any other country, and did less work for it. It is simply wicked to tell the workers that their condition is, or was, "disgraceful."

THE OFFICIAL CANDIDATE.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S Coalition Government, having won the war, asks the country to entrust it with the making of the peace. Does the country think that the Minister who has won the war ought to be entrusted with the making of the peace? Or does it think that the Minister who failed to win the war, and who was ejected from office because he so failed, ought to be entrusted with the making of the peace? That is the plain and simple issue between the followers of Mr. Lloyd George and the followers of Mr. Asquith, which some twenty-four millions of new electors, men, women and boys, are called upon to decide. There is no other issue, for as regards their programmes of social reconstruction both parties are necessarily vague, and there is no discernible difference between their aims. That being the issue, how are the Asquith Liberals aggrieved? There are and must be very many cases of individual hardship and unfairness, as there always are when parties coalesce. We think ourselves that the Coalition headquarters should have excepted from their test all Liberal candidates who have actually served at the Front. Take the cases of Captain Carr-Gomm and Captain Wedgwood Benn. Both these gentlemen have done real fighting for their country, and have distinguished themselves by their gallant services. It strikes us as ungracious, to say the least of it, that these two Liberals should find themselves opposed by official candidates on returning to "Blighty." But these individual grievances are not the case of the Asquith newspapers. Their grievance is the existence of the Coalition, and the necessary measures taken by its organizers to insure success. Let us recall the facts about Mr. Asquith. He was Prime Minister when war was declared, and was loyally supported by all parties in the House of Commons. In the spring of 1915 he made a grievous mistake about the supply of munitions. We never for a moment suspected Mr. Asquith of wilfully misleading his audience at Newcastle: but he had the misfortune to be misinformed by his own servants, and for that a Minister must pay the penalty. He then formed a Coalition Government with Mr. Bonar Law, which was as loyally supported by all parties as his own Ministry. Then there was the deplorable expedition to the Dardanelles, the worst blunder of the war. Again, we do not say that Mr. Asquith was personally responsible: but it occurred under his chieftainship. Towards the end of 1916 the painful truth forced itself on the public and on the majority of Parliament that Mr. Asquith, with all his great intellectual gifts, was wanting in the fire and strength necessary to conduct the war. The present battle between the Asquithites and the Coalition is simply the result, the inevitable consequence of the Ministerial crisis in November, 1916, which replaced Mr. Asquith by Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Lloyd George possessed the qualities of fire and strength which Mr. Asquith lacked: he communicated his enthusiasm and energy to those who worked for him. He made many mistakes, particularly in his treatment of individuals, and in his use of the Press. But, like Chatham, he got things done: he headed the Alliance: the enemy surrendered; and he is entitled to ask the country to allow him to make the peace.

For the first time in our recollection the word "official" has been prefixed to the name of political candidates. We do not like the use of the word in elections. The Government ought not to interfere officially with the free choice of the electors. It is the practice in France for the Government to run official candidates, and a very bad practice it is. It is the "spoils" system, the distribution of official favours, that has corrupted politics in the United States. It is a tactless blunder on the part of the Coalition organizers to allow the use of the word "official" by their candidates, and may do them more harm than good. We hope that it does not mean the adoption of the French system by which a whole army of Government officials openly assist in the election, for the pettiest office, of the Government candidate.

THE LEAGUE THAT FAILED.

WE hear a great deal about a League of Nations to-day; it is the fashion of the hour. President Wilson has written some very edifying words on the subject; and the newspapers of the world din daily variants of the text into our war-weary ears. Nobody seems to take the trouble to inquire how it is to be carried into practice, or to examine a modern historical failure of the idea. We published a short time ago an article on the Amphictyonic League, which agreeably recalled our schooldays, but which is not very helpful at the present day. The municipal squabbles of Greece, though very good reading, are hardly sufficient foundations for modern political theories.

After twenty years of fighting with Napoleon, Europe and Great Britain were as sick of war as they are to-day. There were to be no more wars after Waterloo; and accordingly in September, 1815, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Austria formed the Holy Alliance, which was afterwards joined by France, the Netherlands, Wurtemberg, Saxony, Switzerland, and the Hanse Towns. Neither the Pope nor the Sultan was invited to join, but Great Britain was, and, while expressing sympathy with its objects, declined on constitutional grounds to bind its hands. Allowing for the difference of language in diplomatic documents of a hundred years ago, the Holy Alliance seems to be exactly the League of Nations now talked of.

The preamble states that, "Their Majesties the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia having, in consequence of the great events which have occurred in the course of the last three years in Europe, and especially of the blessings which it has pleased Providence to shower down upon those States which place their confidence and their hope on it alone, acquired the intimate conviction of the necessity of settling the steps to be observed by the Powers, in their reciprocal relations, upon the sublime truths which the Holy Religion of our Saviour teaches; They solemnly declare that the present Act has no other object than to publish in the face of the whole world their fixed resolution, both in the administration of their respective States and in their political relations with every other Government, to take for their sole guide the precepts of that Holy Religion, namely, the precepts of Justice, Christian Charity and Peace, which far from being applicable only to private concerns must have an immediate influence on the councils of Princes and guide all their steps as being the only means of consolidating human institutions and remedying their imperfections. In consequence, their Majesties have agreed upon the following articles. Art. I. Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures which command all men to consider each other as brethren, the three contracting monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity, and considering each other as fellow countrymen, they will on all occasions and in all places lend each other aid and assistance: and regarding themselves towards their subjects and armies as fathers of families, they will lead them in the same spirit of fraternity, with which they are animated, to protect religion, peace, and justice. Art. II. In consequence, the sole principle of force, whether between the said Governments or between their subjects, shall be that of doing each other reciprocal service, and of testifying by unalterable goodwill the mutual affection by which they ought to be animated, to consider themselves all as members of one and the same Christian nation: the three allied Princes looking on themselves as merely delegated by Providence to govern three branches of One family, namely Austria Prussia and Russia, thus confessing that the Christian world of which they and their people form a part has in reality no other Sovereign than Him to whom alone power really belongs. Their Majesties consequently recommend to their people, with the most tender solicitude, as the sole means of enjoying that peace which arises from a good conscience, and which alone is durable, to strengthen

themselves every day more and more in the principle and exercise of the duties which the Divine Saviour has taught to mankind." Substituting France, Britain and America for Russia, Prussia and Austria, what is this but the League of Nations? And leaving out some references to the Saviour, cannot we imagine President Wilson, assisted by some able editors from London and New York, composing at Versailles a very similar document? The results of the Holy Alliance are written in the history of the nineteenth century. France, as we said, joined the League, and within forty years France and Russia were at war in the Crimea. In another ten years, Prussia and Austria were at war, and four years later Prussia and France were at war. Indeed within twelve years of the signing of the League, France, Russia and Britain were protecting Peace by making war upon Turkey in the Bay of Navarino.

Why should it be supposed that a modern League of Nations will be more successful in securing perpetual peace than the Holy Alliance, which in 1817 included the whole of Europe, except the Vatican and Constantinople? That there will not be another European War for a very long time we firmly believe: but that the instrument of peace will be a League of Nations we doubt. Consider the question of guarantees. It does not seem to us to matter much whether Germany joins the League or not: for in the League or out of it, she will break the peace when she thinks to gain thereby. But in order to maintain the principle of regulated armaments, it will be necessary to keep a large international body of spies in each country. Can anybody imagine the United States, or England, or France tolerating a body of spies, of all nationalities, whose duty it would be to visit periodically all the national dockyards, arsenals, and munition factories? Frankly, we cannot conceive of this country submitting to such an espionage. The advantage of bringing Germany into the League is that we should be entitled to place spies in Berlin: the disadvantage, that Germany would be entitled to place spies in London—a grim account. It is not wise to indulge in Utopian dreams about a League of Nations. It would be foolish if we allowed ourselves to be drawn by an idealist like Mr. Wilson, who can know nothing of European politics, into a scheme that will not work or only work to our weakening. It is surely no extravagant expectation that a League of Nations should set up some court of reference or arbitration that will interpose delay, and render impossible the tiger spring of 1914. But delay has its dangers as well as its safeguards. Had there been weeks or months of discussion in 1914, debates in Parliament, leading articles in the papers, is it so certain that Belgium would have barred the way, or that Britain would have despatched the Expeditionary Force? A League of Nations will create a settled body of international opinion hostile to war, and that is perhaps the most—and it is a great deal—that can be said for it.

- DEMOBILISATION PROBLEMS.

I.

THE LEGACY OF WAR.

IT will be impossible to understand the difficulties which face this country during the period of the demobilisation of the civilian war workers and the forces, unless an examination is made, if only cursorily, of the profound changes in the whole organisation of industry produced by the war. The war industries of the country are in the throes of a second birth, like one of Milton's animals, half in the clay half afraid of impending freedom, and above all, ignorant both of the new world and their own potentialities. This striving to be born calls for one supreme quality in the nation, in employers and employed—patience, and then patience, and again patience, and if this is not to be a peace to end peace, that quality must be forthcoming. Four years of war have destroyed, rebuilt, and at the end destroyed again existing labour

and industrial conditions in at least two of the predominant trades of the country—engineering and shipbuilding—which carry with them a large group of associated trades. It is perhaps, in the circumstances, not too much to ask that at least six months be allowed for laying the foundations of the new order.

To allay impatience then, if for no other reason, it will be convenient to consider the war changes in the munitions industries, from the point of view of labour, then from that of the employer, and last from the point of view of both, which is also the point of view of the State.

(A) The Point of View of Labour.

The average citizen finds it easy and natural to be proud of his sailor and soldier, less easy, but still not difficult, to acclaim his munition girl, very difficult indeed to bear with the male munition worker. Nor is this unnatural. On the one hand he sees and takes a personal share of glory in the decisive results of the fighter's work. On the other he remembers, perhaps, with gratitude the paper or person who exposed the munitions shortage. Having secured a superfluity of munitions, he remembers of the men who created it only that from time to time they struck, and that they bought pianos when the war demand for motor transport made motors impossible of purchase. But as a matter of fact, this attitude isn't fair; it is so unfair that it is almost impossible to dissipate. But one question might carry us a little way—was it any London morning journal, however powerful, or journal owner, however Titanic, who with their own hands, built the tanks? or was it the engineer, the boiler-maker, and the tool maker and the rest?

These are the persons who delivered the munitions. How has the war advantaged, disadvantaged, or changed them? Let us take the disadvantages first.

At the beginning of the war the engineer had entrenched himself in a caste system that drew a sharp line at the fitter and turner. From the fitter and turner up was the skilled man on skilled work with skilled men's pay. Below, very far below, were the semi-skilled and unskilled men, and nowhere, except to a limited extent in the Midland and North-East areas, women. This caste was not like others in the history of the world devised to maintain powers and to preserve the amenities of life. Its object was to fend off the lack of amenity of death by starvation. This is, perhaps, an extravagant way of putting it, but it would not seem extravagant to engineers who not very long before the war thought two or three months unemployment no very unusual thing.

However justifiable this system was in the interests of the workman and his employment, it was wholly unjustifiable in the interests of production. It involved in many cases claiming for skilled men, at a low rate of speed, work which would have been produced by lesser skilled men on different machines at far higher rates of speed. Not only did it cut out the unskilled man, but it narrowly circumscribed the area within which each particular section and sub-section of skilled men might work. And it did not stop there. It limited the number of hours that a skilled man might work on his appointed job and even limited the amount he was permitted to produce in the hours allotted. It is unnecessary to apportion the blame for this state of affairs, and it is undesirable because these notes attempt as far as possible to avoid controversy. At the same time it makes it clear that industry entered into the war shackled and fettered. The war struck the fetters off.

On the 19th March, 1915, a group of Trade Unions met Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Runciman and agreed, for the period of the war, first to forgo the right to strike, and secondly to give up all customs and practices which tended to restrict production of munitions of war. The date should be remembered along with the dates of other victories of the war. The German munition maker had had his way up to then. From that moment his eventual defeat was finally ensured.

But the victory was not a bloodless one. The Trade Unions made the *beau geste*; it remained for the individual workman, through years of war, to see his safeguards one by one removed. As the war drew on, apparently with no end in sight, the date of the restoration of his rights grew dimmer. Later, when it was rumoured that the Government did not intend to redeem the solemn pledges of restoration given on March 19th, real and increasing uneasiness manifested itself.

It is not surprising that in this atmosphere the removal of restrictions was gradual, nor is it surprising that it was necessary to give statutory sanction in the first Munitions Act to this agreement. It is surprising rather how far it was ultimately possible to carry the change. First, skilled men became interchangeable, then the semi-skilled, and the unskilled were admitted to the skilled men's work; then came the women, like the American reinforcements, in inexhaustible masses; the automatic machine took the place of the non-automatic; hours grew out of all knowledge; and piece-work, which was anathema in certain trades and branches of trades, was introduced sometimes under compulsory powers. We saw that the skilled workman before the war claimed his job, how the job was to be done, how long was required to work on it. The Treasury Agreement had swept all that away, and in the face of all that followed logically on his first great surrender, the workman grew a little stunned and presently a little restless. Here then was the first profound change produced by the war.

But that was not all. The munition worker was forbidden to strike: and he had given up what he thought his privileges: something was now done to infringe his personal freedom. The Military Service Act comes only indirectly in this connection. It has been the agreeable custom of certain public prints to portray the engineer as abjectly cowering under an umbrella to evade military service. One cartoonist indeed, mercilessly and with the haunting clumsiness of a sort of music hall draughtsmanship, drew the umbrella. He did not however, draw it as a furnace that would have burnt the skin off him in a minute, or as formidable machinery that would have had his arms off, though that was the real shape which the munition worker's umbrella took. These pictures which contributed in equal measure to the gaiety of the nation and the production of labour unrest, did not represent the truth. The vast mass of munitions labour eligible for the Army were not afraid of military service. They were part of the British people, and the fact that they produced the munitions which saved the lives of their fellow workmen did not, in spite of the genial and opportune badinage of the caricaturist, change their nationality. But two things they were anxious about. The first was to know whether their duty was at the bench or in the trench. It is not necessary to recall the various exhortations addressed to them on these matters. It is sufficient to say that their variety left labour puzzled, and a puzzled man is a restless one.

But if labour was puzzled and anxious about one thing in connection with the Military Service Act, it was anxious, without being puzzled, about another. It was determined that the principle of conscription should not be applied to industry, and its anxiety on this point was continuous and increased during the war. None the less, under the scheme known as the War Munitions Volunteer Scheme labour voluntarily and in large numbers entered into an obligation to go where it was sent in the national interest. It accepted at the same time the provision in the first Munitions Act restricting movement. These were subsequently repealed, but there was actually a time in the early days of the German offensive of this year when it seemed as though labour would accept the conversion of the War Munitions Volunteer Scheme from a voluntary to a compulsory basis.

Labour accepted these further restrictions, they accepted also the provisions of the Munitions Act which rendered indiscipline, bad and irregular work-

manship in controlled establishments a punishable offence, and they accepted these things in the face of recurrent bad news from the war fronts, and in face of increasing difficulties with regard to food, housing and the cost of living. It is not surprising if from time to time they broke the bounds; it is not surprising if men, weary with long hours of strenuous work extending, not over months but years, conscious of having surrendered privileges, and finding conditions of life increasingly difficult, became restless and suspicious.

WHAT IS GOOD MUSIC?

IN the great transitional crisis through which this country is passing, when dangers real and imaginary beset us at every turn, Music, like its sister arts, runs considerable risk of harm from the misunderstandings due to confusion of thought and opinion. Everybody is hastening to question this and that, and then arises the question, "What is it that constitutes good in music? Is that a matter of taste alone?" Hardly, we think; though in no art do there exist greater varieties of taste, with something of good in most of them. To the making of music many things contribute, and often many people. Hence a frequent mixture of incongruous elements. It has been so in the putting together of the words and music for the most successful vocal compositions of the day; in either one or the other, perhaps in both, will be found an alloy of the vulgar and the commonplace. Then on top of the piece comes the performer. The impress of his or her peculiar personality and style has to be considered; it may relieve the vulgarity or it may add to it; it may substitute for the commonplace some individual or clever trait of the interpreter. So with orchestral music: a fine band and a talented conductor will raise the level of what they play and make a Sousa march or a Viennese waltz sound brilliant, where poor execution will enhance its blatant noise. Finally, there is something in the nature of the programme, of the audience, of the place chosen. We grow accustomed to certain kinds of music at certain places.

The good in music is measured by the good that music does. Its chief function should be to elevate the spirit, not merely to gratify the ear. The extent to which it will achieve the former object must depend not alone upon the music itself, but the mood in which it is approached by those who perform and those who listen. It is useless to try to appeal to the public with music that is "above their heads"; they cannot appreciate its form, and consequently cannot understand or feel its message. Nevertheless, they may be able to experience a sensuous enjoyment in simply listening, and it is then that the wise rejoice if it be music that does not pander to a vulgar taste or a love of rhythmical noise.

The query, "What is a Musical Person?" has recently exercised more than one correspondent of this journal. It seems to us that, broadly speaking, there are two classes of this person, viz., those who pose as being musical and those who simply love music and enjoy it without the pose. As in other forms of hypocrisy, it is sometimes difficult at first glance to distinguish the false from the real, but sooner or later the exact value of the *poseur* is sure to become manifest. Music, like painting, affords singularly facile opportunity for such displays. The genuine music-lover, on the other hand, quietly absorbs the beauty of what he hears, whether he understands it or not; and, if he prefers a symphony or a sonata to a sentimental ballad, he takes care to go where he knows it will be forthcoming.

We have already referred briefly to the influence of the performer—and the performance. It is because this counts for so much in the education of our musical audiences, apart from the character of the material which furnishes the programme, that we ought to take greater care to maintain a high executive standard all round. Over the music heard in the music-halls, the cinema theatres, the restaurants, *et hoc genus omne*, there can be no practical surveillance. But in

the theatres we can and must improve the orchestras (and what they play), just as we shall our military bands, our choirs, and our choral societies. In these directions the judgment of the public is not based upon sufficiently high standards, any more than it is, as a matter of fact, in the concert-room or the opera-house. The tendency is to enjoy the familiar—be it the 'Messiah' or a selection from the latest musical comedy—and applaud the popular performer without particular regard for the actual merit of the rendering. If the thousands of amateurs trained every year in the academies and schools or at the hands of private teachers know no better, the only presumption is that the finest exemplars of vocal and instrumental talent are no longer available. We do not say they are not living. It is simply that we have not got them.

Take, for example, the performance of 'The Golden Legend' given at the Albert Hall by the Royal Choral Society last Saturday afternoon. Here was good music indeed, some of Sullivan's best. What is more to the point, it drew an audience of five or six thousand "musical persons," whose hearty applause led us to infer, and not without reason, that they honestly revelled in every note of Sullivan's melodious and romantic cantata. Who could question for a moment the refining influence of music such as this? Call it *vieux jeu* if you will (we do not, because it is only thirty years old and even at that embodies the quintessence of its composer's ripest genius), its charm could yet be realised, its spontaneous human appeal distinctly felt, in more than one number, from the dramatic prologue to the glorious choral epilogue.

But here our expression of satisfaction must cease. 'The Golden Legend' has traditions, even at the Albert Hall, quite apart from our recollection of the magnificent performance associated with the Festivals at Leeds (where it was produced) and Birmingham—pace its leading critic. The choral singing lacked verve, energy of attack, and sustained spirit, while in the hymn, "O gladsome Light," delicacy of tone and a real *pianissimo* at the end were conspicuously absent. The orchestration, too, was marred by many slips, notably on the part of the wood-wind. But it was in the solo work, so important in this cantata, that we perceived the most serious falling off from the level of former days. There was no one here to replace Albani, Patey, Lloyd, and Santley (or even Frederic King, who created the part of Lucifer, or Henschel, who was its best exponent). The nearest approach was that of Miss Carrie Tubb, whose bright soprano tones, admirable intonation, and intelligent phrasing happily stood out well in the high music of Elsie. But, generally speaking, there was nothing here to suggest that Britain was once a country of great oratorio singers. To do justice to our good music we must needs be for ever on the look-out for artists of the finest calibre. And they are incredibly scarce.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

In Sussex some of the privileges of the Abbot of Battle have disappeared, but we understand that Sir Augustus Webster still maintains his rights by indicating to the Bishop of Chichester that the Bishop comes there by permission of the Abbot. In the *County History* by Horsfield we find the following statement:—

"The Benefice is a Vicarage in the Diocese of Chichester and in an exempt Deanery still retaining the exercise of its jurisdiction. It is rated in the King's Books at £24 13s. 4d. and is in the patronage of Sir Godfrey Vassal Webster, Bart., who is Abbot; and his Dean (now the Rev. Dr. Birch, the Archdeacon of Lewes) uses the full powers of Bishop over the Deanery. He holds his own visitation, his own courts for the probate of wills, and other ecclesiastical matters, and the parish is exempt from all episcopal jurisdiction."

Among ecclesiastical survivals may be mentioned Peculiars—royal and private. They were in many

cases originally introduced by papal authority to limit the powers of the bishop of the diocese. Among the royal Peculiars are the Chapel Royal, St. James', and St. George's, Windsor.

St. Buryan, in Cornwall, was a deanery, and royal Peculiar till 1864. In that year the deanery and Peculiar jurisdiction ceased to exist. The Rectory remained and was endowed out of the income of the dissolved collegiate foundation. The collegiate church was founded by Athelstan in A.D. 930, in honour of St. Buriana.

Before 1845 the Parish of Bow and twelve other parishes were exempt from the jurisdiction of the Bishops of London. Up to that time they were within the peculiar jurisdiction of the Archbishop in spiritual causes. In Ireland there appears to have been one instance of a Private Peculiar—the Lordship of Newry. Here the proprietor held his spiritual court and granted marriage licences, and probate of wills, under the seal of the religious house to which the lordship belonged before the Reformation. The Chaplaincy of Belvoir is a Private Peculiar. The Duke of Rutland appoints, independently of the Bishop of the Diocese. The only power the Bishop has is to inhibit the Chaplain from preaching elsewhere in the Diocese. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Rector is also a Canon of Westminster. The sermon he may preach in the Abbey may be banned by the Bishop of London if given from the pulpit of St. Margaret's.

A Donative, the free gift of the patron, and without admission by the Bishop, exists in certain places. For instance, the King may appoint by Patent a Prebend of Westminster or of Windsor. The Church of the Tower of London is a Cure of Souls and the King's Donative.

There is an instance of a subject presenting to a Bishopric. The Duke of Athol appointed the Bishop of Soder and Man. In 1814 a relation of the Duke's became Bishop of that diocese at the age of thirty. The fourth Duke, however, disposed of his privileges in the Island to the crown for the sum of £400,000.

A leading instance of the transmission of authority from the Popes to the present time is the possession of certain powers by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. As representing the Abbot, they appoint the High Steward, the High Bailiff, the Burgesses, and the Franchise Coroner. In by-gone elections the High Bailiff was a person of great importance in Westminster, as he was the returning officer.

The Abbot of Westminster had the right of instructing the King in the solemnities of the Coronation. The Regalia, kept at the Tower, are placed under the custody of the Dean before each Coronation. They are then placed in the Jerusalem Chamber. Alone of all the clergy the Dean and Canons stand by the Prelates. They consecrate the sacred oil. To the Abbey of Westminster there was a dependency—the Collegiate Church of St. Martin's-le-Grand. Of this church the Abbot became Dean. Here is another remarkable survival; up to the Reform Act of 1832, the inhabitants of St. Martin's-le-Grand voted in the Westminster elections. The High Steward of Westminster still retains the title of High Steward of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

At the Coronation of King Edward VII the Dean and Chapter of Westminster sent in a formal document to the Court of Claims praying to perform the duties of the Abbots of the late Monastery of St. Peter in Westminster. They also prayed for certain allowances and fees which the said Abbot received. Such allowances and fees were numerous and included "Six yards of Sarcenet, an ounce of Gold for the Great Chantor by the hands of the Treasurer of the King's Chamber, also an hundred manchets, the third part of a tun of wine, and fish according to the bounty of His Majesty for the said Dean and Chapter's repast on Coronation Day."

An historical payment is made, or should be paid by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the See of Rochester. On an exchange of manors in 1197 the Bishop of Rochester retained a plot of ground to erect a mansion

for his convenience when attending Parliament. It was stipulated that the annual sum of five marks of silver should be paid to himself and his successors for ever. This was as compensation for the lodging, fire and wood and storage which the Bishop enjoyed from the manor.

To return to Lambeth and its hospitalities. Besides the Mess of Dillegrout which the Archbishop claims, or may claim to present to the King, as owner of the Manor of Addington, at the Coronation, there are some other matters concerned with good fare and the Archbishop's cellars.

The Archbishop's "Dole," or Bounty, is, or was, lately distributed every week. This is a substitute for the fragments of the dinners in the Great Hall. It consists of money, bread and provisions given to thirty poor parishioners of Lambeth.

Every year the Stationers' Company present the Archbishop with a copy of the several Almanacks they are privileged to publish. When Tenison was Primate the Master of the Stationers' Company was a relative of his. The Archbishop gave a pint of wine to each member of the Company who called in the State Barge, and bread and cheese and ale were provided for the attendants. This part of the ceremony has now been allowed to lapse. *Fenelon's Canterbury Sauces*, a valuable legacy from the cook of an Archbishop, also originated in the Lambeth dinners.

In Lambeth Church there was a painted window containing the figure of a pedlar and his dog. The pious pedlar left Pedlar's Acre to the poor of Lambeth. Hence the window in the church, which was unfortunately removed in 1884, but the parish still possesses the Acre.

The Duke of Cumberland, famous for the fierceness of his appearance and the variety of his oaths, wanted Archbishop Howley to oppose a Bill against the Church votes in the House of Lords. The Duke gave the following account of his interview with the meek, long-suffering Prelate. "It's all right, my lords, I have seen the Archbishop, and he says he will be d—d to all eternity if he does not see the measure to h—."

In these democratic and inclusive days such language will hardly offend the New Bishop. The New Peer and the Nonconformist legislators of high consideration at St. Stephens must recollect that royal Dukes now swear with difficulty.

The children of Dissent cannot now be called famished. Mr. Lloyd George gives them breakfast in Downing Street. Lincolnshire's proud Marquis presides over their banquets at the National Liberal Club. The Rev. Dr. Clifford has received a telegram from Buckingham Palace.

"Within the Fold" there is some shrewd piety and some spiritual indigestion, but no historical Peculiarities or peculiarities.

SANS SOUCI.

AFTER work we can, as Johnson said, fold our legs and have our talk out. We can get out of ourselves—"our noble shelves" should be a bookman's toast—say things that do not matter, read for human pleasure, and try not to pretend we know more about the War than our neighbours. The papers don't know much, and—well, I remember Coleridge's remark.

When he was touting for his own paper, *The Watchman*, he was induced to smoke some yellow tobacco and filled the lower part of his pipe with salt. He rose with a face "like a wall that is white-washing" after a prolonged stupor, and was asked by way of relieving his embarrassment, "Have you seen a newspaper to-day, Mr. Coleridge?" "Sir!" (he replied, rubbing his eyes), "I am far from convinced that a Christian is permitted to read either newspapers or any other works of merely political and temporary interest." See chapter X. of the *Biographia Literaria*, which is full of good things and philosophic twaddle cribbed from the Germans.

A Scottish soldier, talking of his own experience of wounds in the press recently, explained that, when

he suffered heavily from shell-fire, he had to examine himself before he knew where he had been hit; and that, although his wounds won him his discharge from the Army, he had less pain altogether than he had from toothache at school. I can quite believe it. The dentist without gas may be worse than many war wounds. They are unpremeditated. Apprehension about him comes long beforehand, and there is no glory in the business. One suspects the worst: Chesterfield talks of lying like a dentist.

Shock is a wonderful deadener, when combined with excitement, and excitement alone can do much. I have played and run through a football match with a hacked leg on which I could not walk afterwards, and which kept me in bed and in fiery bandages for four weeks. Livingstone, when a lion seized and tore his shoulder and shook him as a dog does a rat, remained conscious, but felt no sense of pain or feeling of terror. Whymper, falling several hundred feet in the Alps and bounding from rock to rock, neither lost consciousness nor suffered pain. These things are a credit to our much abused nervous system, and the seat of what we playfully call—the phrase is Stevenson's—human intelligence.

If diplomacy (of which I know little) is the art of saying nothing, Orientals seem to me much better fitted for it than Europeans. I mean, saying nothing gracefully: so I do not include Gladstone. Ras Makonnen, of Abyssinia, some years since was attacked by a French interviewer, who wanted to know whether he preferred France or England. He replied, "Is your respected mother still alive? May she teach you discretion!" Another query concerning Londoners he foiled with, "May God have you in his sacred keeping!" The rage for Publicity and the opinions of the eminent has spoilt art like this; and, just as it takes several hundred years to make a really fine grass lawn, real and baffling politeness may be confined to ancient civilisations.

My favourite diplomat in literature is Ouida's, "whose motto was not *pro Deo*, but *pro Ego*." But his classical laurels are almost faded to-day in the light of modern efforts. I see that a paper has been making "Suum Cuique" into "I am what I am." Such versions are now too common to be notable, though they keep my collection of howlers going. I cherish a tender feeling for the defunct and halfpenny journal which made Lucian into "Lucia of Samosaka, a Japanese lady." The ghost of the Atticist must have smiled at that, if he was not too busy talking with Aristophanes and Molière.

Dr. Boyd Carpenter was a mellifluous preacher, but I preferred his voice to his matter. His speed was the despair of the shorthand writers, but he could read really well. When I heard him at a Browning Celebration he seemed to make that difficult poet almost intelligible.

Browning never looked distinguished, though a white beard improves mediocre faces into dignity. I was not surprised to learn that he was born at Camberwell. He was exactly like one of the most commonplace booksellers I have ever known. Authors of this type give shocks to their admirers. The best-looking, apart from Goethe, have not often been of the first rank. Men of action, who are not slaves of the desk, have naturally better figures and complexions, though the authors pose better for portraits. Of women-writers—I share Thackeray's objection to "authoress"—Mrs. Gaskell alone approached the goddess; George Eliot was like a horse; and Charlotte Brontë introduced the ugly heroine.

Harrison Ainsworth was a handsome man; so too was Lockhart, who, when Landseer proposed to paint him, answered, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" The early portrait of Tennyson with long hair but no beard has the Spanish air, the touch of the proud Hidalgo which irritated some folks in Lockhart. Both he and Tennyson were reserved and too conscious of their power to suffer fools gladly. And Lockhart, being an editor, was like the Duke of Wellington, "very much exposed to authors."

A dignified bearing is quite out of date with us to-day, though it is common among Arab horse-stealers. It went out, they say, when Speaker Peel left his throne. We have, perhaps, only one statesman who looks always as if he were gazing at his own statue erected by a grateful public. And he is hampered, for he cannot talk slang with a demeanour like that!

THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE.

[The headless statue, standing on a prow, is preserved in the Louvre.]

To the brave Englishwoman who suggested it.

Queen of the Louvre, uplifted on that prow
The symbol of thy native Samothrace,
France is thy second home, thy mother now,
And did not see thy face.

Yet showed the kinship clear. Those wings are wide.
To meet the wind, above the prow, outspread.
So France went forward on the battle-tide,
Nor stayed to count her dead.

True daughter, image true! The head is gone,
Yet through the marble breathes a living soul.
So France by hurt is quickened, and anon
Her faith shall make her whole.

Daughter of France, go forward on that prow,
The symbol of our world-wide island race,
Lille, safe beneath those wings, is dreaming now
And sees the long-lost face.

H. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A WORD FOR "US."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I should be the last man to derogate from the splendid bravery and invincible tenacity of our troops. But in harping a trifle hysterically and very insistently on what they have done for "us," are we not mistaken as to the facts, and doing some injustice to "us"? I see every day in the papers and shop-windows and on posters that the soldiers have bled and been blinded for "us," etc. The implication is that "we" are cowards who have skulked at home, and hired or forced our countrymen to fight for "us." This suggestion, or rather statement, for it is baldly asserted, contains two untruths, viz.: 1. That we could have gone to the front, or would have gone had we not been selfish, unpatriotic cowards. 2. That the men who did go were volunteers, who were risking their lives, not for themselves, but for wicked "us." The truth, of course is, as to 1, that we only stayed at home because we were too old or too unsound physically to go: and, as to 2, that four-fifths of the army were conscripted, i.e., compelled to go: to which may be added a third and equally indisputable proposition, that the citizen army fought for themselves, i.e., their homes and families, in the first place, and only incidentally for "us." Men who will not fight for their own hearths and homes, for their own soil, cease to be a nation, and become slaves; and the men of Britain realised this. Money is quite as necessary to war as men, and the money has been found by poor wicked "us," who have paid, and are likely to pay for the rest of our lives, more than half our incomes. As I said, nothing is further from my intention than to depreciate the performances or to make light of the sufferings of our men. Our due and proper obligations we are not likely to forget, or to be allowed to neglect. But I grow weary of the assumption that Tommy fought for me more than, or as much as, for himself, especially as I am called on to pay, pay, pay, till the crack of doom.

Another piece of humbug is the assumption that the Canadian and Australians fought for "the Mother

Country." The Canadians and Australians came over to fight for Canada and Australia, because they saw that if Germany won, Canada and Australia would be annexed by the Kaiser, and brought under the blessing of Kultur. Nothing annoys a Canadian or an Australian so much as to thank him for coming over to fight for the Mother Country. But our syndicalised Press lives in such an atmosphere of lies and hypocrisy and humbug, that there is no journal in London to which I should venture to write so frankly as I do to THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Yours truly,
A SEXAGENARIAN.

SABOTAGE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—We have all read how the Electrical Workers Union cut off the electric light from the Albert Hall because the directors very properly refused to let the hall to revolutionaries and Bolsheviks, and how after vainly applying to Government for protection the directors were obliged to cave in, possibly on Lord Cave's advice. This is a very alarming case of sabotage. Before the Trades Disputes Act of 1906 the directors of the Albert Hall could probably have sued the Electric Light Company for damages for breach of contract, and the Electric Company could certainly have taken proceedings, civil or criminal, against the Workers Union, either for breach of contract or damage to property (by cutting off the supply at the main). Since that infamous law was passed the Trade Union is protected from the legal consequences of the acts of its members. But is it possible that the members of a Union are individually protected from the consequences of their conduct, however wrongful, if done in the course of a labour dispute? In this case, be it observed, the Electrical Workers Union were not engaged in a labour dispute with anybody. The dispute was between the directors of the Albert Hall and Mr. Lansbury; and the Electrical Workers Union gratuitously interfered by cutting off the light. If this is allowed, no form of sabotage can be prevented, and society is at the mercy of these ruffians. But I cannot believe that this is the law. The Government advised the directors to give way because they didn't want to have any bother just before the elections.

Yours truly,
LONDONER.

SELF-DEFENCE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to the above letter appearing in this week's "SATURDAY REVIEW." I wish to say that I am in agreement with your correspondent Mr. Ryder, but it would be interesting to know how his "Individualist League," is going to operate. Perhaps he will be good enough to reply direct to me, via your office.

Yours faithfully,
D. R. BROADBENT.
London, S.W. 25 November, 1918.

DEMOCRACY AND ARISTOCRACY.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The correspondence on "Democracy and Aristocracy" will only succeed in raising dust which will prevent us from battling with the real issue. "Autocracy" has never existed, and in the nature of things can never exist, on a large scale, in human affairs. Let us take, for example, the autocracy of the late Czarism. It was only autocracy in name, for it was absolutely impossible for a single man to carry his own will into every department of State. What really happened, as everyone knows, was that the Russian Empire was run in the name of "autocracy" by a clique of officials, some worse than others, some better than others. So it has been without exception

in history, and, unless the mind grasps fundamental principles, so it will go on in the future. We hear a great deal to-day of "reconstruction," "democracy," "freedom" and other shibboleths, which read beautifully, but it is just as well to remember that the swing of the pendulum may mean reaction, tyranny, and licence, resulting in anarchy and disaster on a still greater scale than in Russia.

It is certain that one definite epoch in human history has come to a close. To a student of psychology nothing is more remarkable than the various prophecies that have been thrown out from a variety of sources within the last half-century. The real explanation probably is that coming events cast their shadows before them in a very subtle manner, and that persons of a sensitive nature feel these shadows in a way it is difficult to explain. It has been well authenticated that the scenes of the French Revolution were predicted years in advance, some of them in exact detail. So to-day. We have had Theosophists, Spiritualists, Bible Students galore predicting for years a tremendous world-change. As a general rule, these prophets run on independent lines, but when they are boiled down to a common denominator, they come pretty much to the same thing—end of one racial epoch and beginning of a new order of things, after a period of upheaval and disturbance affecting the various nations, to an unparalleled degree. In this state of affairs, therefore, we must go down to bed-rock, and try to discover the region of causes from which externals spring as effects.

The first thing we must satisfy ourselves upon is that incessant change is going on in the Universe as a whole. Nothing stands still, from the stars to the atoms. That being so, human affairs must obey the same law. Whether the changes taking place produce more than ordinary disturbance will depend upon the conditions prevailing at the time and the place. The trend of evolution is always upwards on the whole. To believe otherwise is to abandon entirely the higher qualities of mankind, to say nothing of faith in God, which two concepts mean practically the same thing. As soon as we go down to bed-rock we can explain the reason why these changes are bound to take place in human life. Human progress would be impossible without these upheavals. Each human being has the germ of development within him, which is incessantly pushing on in evolution. Plato argued that all things are aiming at the highest good. From this standpoint, which is also that of the Christian Faith, everything on this earth must be acknowledged to be raw, crude, and imperfect. There is not a single idea in our ordinary conceptions of any subject which can with any authority claim to be the final exposition of truth. The more we learn to think things out, the more we see that humanity is evolving from one state to another, through toil and tribulation because of its ignorance and stupidity and blindness in leadership.

That last factor is far and away the most important. Napoleon remarked that in war men count very little, but a man did; that is, a man capable of leadership, in other words, an aristocrat in the Platonic sense. This implies the trinity of spirit, mind and body in the unity of the personality, resulting in display of a higher type of energy than is shown in the masses. If we are going to have "reconstruction," we must not merely scratch the surface; we must dig right down till we get to the roots. Then we shall see that, "as we sow, so we reap."

Let us take one aspect of the human trinity—the body. Statistics, both here and in America, conclusively show the low vitality of the average child and adult. The inherent resisting power of health is so weakened by wrong physiological habits and ideas that some radical change must take place immediately to save humanity from physical degeneracy. It is true that we are promised a Ministry of Health, but, unless there will be allowed free play for new ideas without fear or favour, the nation will gain very little, so far as promotion of health is concerned, for the present medical system is bankrupt on the testimony of medical men themselves. What glorious visions of cures of

consumption were dangled before the eyes of the working-man, with his "ninpence for fourpence"! Now statistics tell the sad tale of about five years' average duration of life after prolonged residence in sanatoria. I am not blaming the medical men, but merely showing that something is wrong radically in our notions of health and disease.

Let us take another aspect of the human trinity—the spiritual. Here again nothing short of getting down to bed-rock will answer the purpose of "reconstruction." What is the use of preaching "Faith" to an incredulous modern world? The Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are bewailing the loss of Faith, while no stress is laid upon Understanding. And yet we read that Christ always appealed first of all to the understanding of the crowd, that is to say, explained the meaning and taught as one with authority, not as the Scribes and Pharisees who repeat by rote the lesson they have learnt, without troubling to understand it and using their minds to explain the hidden meaning.

The reason why there has been so much falling away from the Churches in modern times and the masses are now like a flock without a shepherd, wandering aimlessly and a source of danger to themselves, is that spiritual authority has departed, and will have to be "reconstructed" to suit the need of the times. The mass of the people wants leadership, must have leadership, and to supply this will be the task of the aristocrat on the three planes, physical, mental, and spiritual. The motto "Noblesse oblige" is the key to the problem, for it insists upon the natural law of superior energy, as shown in water running down from a higher level, and electricity from a higher to a lower potential.

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR LOVELL.

94, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W. 1.

THE NEW LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your interesting article of November 23rd on my book, "The Great Alternative," you throw out a challenge which appears to call for some answer from me. You write, "In his chapters on industrial self-government and profit-sharing, Mr. Reid, like most other writers on these topics, starts from an assumption, which we decline to take without proof; we call for evidence. That assumption is that high wages to labour will be accompanied by increased production."

The relation of wages to production is a matter which is not capable of precise calculation, and therefore completely conclusive statistics are very difficult to adduce. With much labour one might produce wage sheets and production figures for a variety of firms paying a variety of wages, but evidence based on these could not be conclusive, because there would always be certain imponderable factors such as conditions of employment, good management, the amount of machinery employed, etc.

The whole question, as you will realise, is too deep to admit of satisfactory discussion in a single letter, but you will allow me, perhaps, to suggest two or three points.

1. Everybody is likely to agree that it is uneconomic to pay a wage below what is necessary to sustain health and efficiency in a worker. Consequently, where wages have been below this level, a rise to the "possible efficiency level" must increase productivity.

2. You quote examples of coal miners, who when paid higher wages produced less. May I point out that with my doctrine of high wages and greater production I coupled an entirely different industrial regime to the present? An industrial regime which included a definite share for the workers in responsibility and management, a reasonable interest in the results, and better facilities for decent accommodation and comfort, would surely remove many of the causes which at present produce in many cases a slackening after high wages. Some powerful incentive to production is needed.

3. During the war the general level of wages in the war industries has risen enormously. I believe it is also beyond doubt that the production per head has also risen enormously. That surely points in my direction, rather than in yours.

4. It seems to me that if we adopt your theory we abandon all hope of progress and any faith we may have in human nature, and in the effects of education which now for the first time we, as a nation, appear to be about to take seriously.

I am convinced myself that the doctrine of higher wages is commercially, as well as humanly, sound, and even if I am wrong, I would prefer to err in this direction than to abandon myself to the pessimism which assumes that the great mass of our fellow citizens are incapable either of playing the game, or of taking advantage of the better opportunities which the lessons of the war will, let us hope, have brought within their reach.

Your obedient servant,

LEONARD J. REID.

The Hill Top, Radlett, Herts.

SCHADENFREUDE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Bismarck once said cynically and frankly to Thiers: "We Prussians are still barbarians! The curious and expressive German word "Schadenfreude" cannot be translated into any other language."

In 1902, Miss Frances Power Cobbe published, in the form of a pamphlet, a very able and interesting study of the word "Schadenfreude," or "malignant joy." "Pleasure in the misfortunes of others."

This odious quality, she contends, springs from a common quality of heteropathy, which undoubtedly is natural to man and to most animals, causing the sight of suffering in others to call forth emotions the exact opposite of sympathy. This opinion of Miss Cobbe's recalls the saying of Rochefoucauld that "There is something not altogether disagreeable to us in the misfortunes of our best friends:" a saying of which Satan need not be ashamed.

The English, French and Italian languages have no corresponding word, but Archbishop Trench, whom Miss Cobbe quotes, gives in his "Study of Words" a Greek word meaning the same state of feeling, and remarks what a fearful thing it is that any language should possess a word to express the pleasure which men feel at the calamity of others.

"No pain to the victim means no pleasure to the aggressor. On the other hand, the betrayal of extreme sensitiveness to such wounds is a provocation to merciless repetition of the cruelty, as may often be seen in the deplorable case of the unhappy butt of a family"; says Miss Cobbe.

Schadenfreude is the equivalent of German "Frightfulness," of which the civilized world has just had over four years' hideous experience.

The state of consciousness for which it stands explains much of the character so typically developed in the German nation by decades of effort to subordinate every other consideration to the evolution of a character in which physical strength and ruthless ferocity are the supreme qualities, by their erection into an ideal and practice of life. Early in the war statistics were given in the Press, showing the relative proportion of major crimes to be much higher in Germany than in England, which, as a writer remarked, "went to prove conclusively that the German cannot get away from his dangerous disposition."

About three weeks before the war I read in a newspaper that the violation and subsequent murder of girl children was extremely common in Germany, and that in the majority of cases no one was brought to justice.

This fact affords the clue to the whole problem of the German psychonomy, through the phenomena of sexual psychopathy, that close but not understood relation between the erotic and sanguinolent propensities which so attracted the genius of Zola. Such crime

is evidence of an extremely low level of moral consciousness.

The German nation, in its apotheosis of militarism, affords a salient example of the danger of the excessive development of certain faculties and the corresponding physical characteristics which are their inevitable concomitants, by which the mind becomes the dupe and prisoner of its self-evolved cast-iron organisation, especially when those faculties are such as constitute the ideals of barbarians.

"Children, in hooting and pelting an idiot, gratify self-esteem and destructiveness. Their chief pleasure arises from a strong sense of their own superiority," says Mr. George Combe, the most eminent exponent of the system of psycho-physiology called Phrenology.

Schadenfreude results from the undue activity of those two faculties in combination, due to their insufficient control by the moral feelings, and their consequent wrong direction.

In her brochure, Miss Cobbe exults in the decline of the schadenfreude vice of disposition, giving much evidence in confirmation of her view. If she is aware of its defeat in the form of German militarism by nations actuated by the nobler and higher principles of international fraternity and mutual helpfulness, she must rejoice indeed.

But the crushing of that hydra-headed phase of psychological demiurgos which had been permitted to grow to such colossal dimensions, has cost the lives of millions of the flower of Europe's manhood, and the reduction of millions to torsos, in addition to the unnumbered indirect victims of war conditions.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

26, St. Paul's Road, Clifton, Bristol.

"EYES TO WEEP WITH."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Bismarck is frequently credited with the authorship of the saying that he meant to leave his victims "nothing but their eyes to weep with," and it has also been attributed to Sheridan in reference to his operations in the Shenandoah Valley. The same thought was, however, expressed by Balzac in his novel "Eugénie Grandet," published about 1835. In it, the heroine's father, the miser, is represented as lecturing to his family on his brother's bankruptcy in these terms: "Des gens ont donné leurs denrées à Guillaume Grandet: puis il a tout pris, et ne leur laisse que les yeux pour pleurer."

Yours, etc.,

RICHARD W. K. BAIN.

Aberdeen.

LORD LEVERHULME ON THE FUTURE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Some wealthy folk, supported in a measure by constituted authority, the law, the Church, the Government, and in a measure largely by the players of political football, have for long years enforced the maintenance of degrading, crippling conditions on their workers and so have armed the workers of the nation with a sense of wrong.

Are this sense of wrong and the said conditions fairly balanced by the wealth that the enforced conditions enabled such wealthy folk to gather? Yes, or No, which is it?

Workers are told by some wealthy folk that they must now work hard as the costs of reinstating their class and of the National Debt must be borne in a measure largely by the workers; whilst some wealthy folk are to retain the wealth won by them by help of their own wrong doing.

Comradeship we hear extolled: political football pays some folk better.

Lord Leverhulme now enters the field as a financial magician, with the wondrous wild words:—"Our problem is to increase and multiply wealth a thousand-fold." That second blade of grass, evidently now, is

of but little worth. Fifteen thousand millions capital, say, is to become fifteen million millions capital—if?

"What is necessary at once (says Lord Leverhulme) is a *pronouncement* on the part of the Government as to the position of capital." The magician sees to the rest.

"That capital on the average has long had the whip hand over labour," is to some folk a myth and to others a certainty.

Lord Leverhulme now asks a Government, lacking mandate, to alter the rules of political football in favour of capital as against labour. This doubtless is political football; at which game those who have the power make rules in favour of their own side.

Is it cricket? If so, is it not an incitement to wide bowling and hitting?

FRED. W. FOSTER.

"THE AUTHOR INTERVENES."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Captain Agate is probably right when he says "Sir F. R. Benson is a 'remembrancer' to the plays" of Shakespeare because Mr. Max Beerbohm began his inimitable article of several years ago on Benson in your Review with this quotation from 'The Deserted Village':—

"... and still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew."

—which shows that Mr. Beerbohm thought that Benson had a good memory!

As to being "alone with Shakespeare" when he sees Benson acting, Captain Agate's feeling was doubtless sought for and shared by many of the schoolgirls who, with their mistresses in charge, flocked (probably on reduced terms for a quantity) to see (sic) Benson act on his provincial tour or tours, for, according to MAX (Mr. Max, not Captain Agate's) each girl desperately clutched her Shakespeare and assiduously and dutifully read it throughout the play for the improvement of the mind, and, as I suggest, to be "alone with Shakespeare."

Sir F. R. Benson has done good work in propagating Shakespeare, but *not* as an actor.

Yours faithfully,

J. P. PARRY.

Bilsdale Vicarage, Stokesley, Yorks.

POETRY AND LAW.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—What in the name of all that is melodious does your correspondent mean by his remark that Shakespeare and Milton "rejected Rhyme"? The Sonnets and Songs are, one presumes, by Bacon. Mr. John Milton did, indeed, write what a French critic styled the most tiresome poem extant, in blank verse, but are the Allegro, Nativty Ode, etc., any the less characteristic of him?

Yours, etc.,

G. H. P.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have just read with interest a letter in your columns by Mr. J. G. Fletcher dealing with "Poetry and Law."

I am willing to admit that poetry need not of necessity adhere to hard and fast rules. To maintain this would be absurd. There is, however, one point to which I should like to call your attention. Keats, Coleridge and Shelley broke away from convention, as Mr. Fletcher pointed out, but in breaking away they were not so violent as the Modern Poets. Theirs was a change. Modern Poetry is a cataclysm. If a new style of poetry is to come in, surely it must retain the elements which enable it to be styled poetry?

Poetry, we are told, is "the elevated expression of elevated thought in a *metrical* form." If then that metrical form is cast to the winds, we are not justified in calling the truncated prose that results

"Poetry." The modern "expressionists," let us call them, are welcome to start a new form of presenting to the world the outpourings of their souls, and as the originators of a new art they will, I feel sure, be watched with interest. To amalgamate them with the poets, however, will bring upon them not interest, but ridicule.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

H. P. MARSHALL.

Haileybury College, Hertford.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—No one so far, I believe, has suggested that the masters of the past in poetry should be blindly copied. The most valuable portion of Mr. Gould's letter of last week is that in which he says:—"We can only continue tradition by studying the past and by applying the knowledge gained to the changed conditions of to-day."

"Old Pen" a fortnight since does not seem to claim more. Coleridge was an admirable innovator in metre, but I do not know that Blake, Keats, and Shelley can be so described. Their best efforts, if not in the heroic couplet of the eighteenth century, are in easily recognisable metres. Keats was a desperate Miltonian, as 'Hyperion' shows, and owed much to Spenser. I have not read Blake's wild prophetic books and have no intention of doing so. His intelligible poems have, so far as I remember, no metrical peculiarities. As for Shelley, he has told us in 'Prometheus Unbound' that "one great poet is a masterpiece of nature which another not only ought to study, but must study."

Shakespeare and Milton, he it noted, wrote blank verse only after a longish training in rhyme. Milton knew by direct reference to the tragedies of Greece that blank verse should be varied with unusual feet, and Shakespeare by that divine intuition which was his avoided, though not always, the dull jog-trot which is a common characteristic of that metre. Even the blank verse of such an artist as Tennyson became a trick, and tricks are always tedious in time.

I know no instance in English of a great poet who started without the help of metre and rhyme. Most of them knew, I guess, how difficult blank verse is. It degenerates so easily into prose with a regular beat cut into lengths. If rhyme is too hard, no rhyme is harder—to the real artist.

I applaud Mr. Fletcher's remarks about degeneration into Kiplingesque journalism, which is apt to be a mixture of street slang and Biblical language.

Rhyme inside a line may be admitted, and may have immense effect, but it is one of those effects which border on the meretricious, and so turn very tricky in the using.

Briefly, let those who know the rules break them, but not the others. And, whatever critics may say, if latter-day poetry is good, it will survive. Criticism to-day is senselessly civil to good and bad; and, when it is cross or malignant, authors ought to remember what Bentley said and Johnson quoted, "Depend upon it, no man was ever written down but by himself."

Yours faithfully,

STUDENT.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The question of ventilation concerns us all, and it is often a serious difficulty to avoid dangerous chills or temporary asphyxiation. The fresh air cure is more in vogue nowadays than its stuffy counterpart, but should extremists be tolerated or allowed to impose their selfish excesses on reasonable beings?

To quote Bernard Shaw:—"There is a movement for making our British children into priggish little bare-footed vagabonds, all talking like that born fool George Borrow, and supposed to be splendidly healthy because they would die if they slept in rooms with the windows shut, or perhaps even with a roof over their heads! Still, this is fairly healthy folly."

O.

REVIEWS.

THE SOLDIER-POET.

For Remembrance. By A. St. John Adcock. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

FOR the popular mind the term "soldier-poet" has about it, perhaps, a certain element of incongruity; and surprise has been felt and expressed that so many of our fighting men should have produced books of verse during this war. This is possibly because the popular mind has long framed its own mental pictures of the soldier and the poet, and the two have nothing in common. But it is partly due, we think, to the feeling that, even when poetic ability was present, the prosaic routine of the soldier's warfare might well have quenched the fount of inspiration. That in an army of millions there should be included a number of men with the power to express themselves in verse, is not to be wondered at. What has seemed so remarkable to many people is that this power should, in the circumstances, have found the opportunity or the inclination for exercise. Still more remarkable is the undoubted fact that many who had never written a line of verse before joining up should have found in their military life the stimulus for a hitherto dormant faculty.

It would be an interesting study to analyse the deeper relations between the kind of experience—spiritual, mental and emotional—furnished by war under modern conditions, and the poetic impulse. The subject is complex, but this much may be said—that we should not, probably, have to go very far beyond the commonplaces of psychology to discover, at least, some reasons which make it small matter for surprise that this great war should have produced its quota of poets. A soldier's life on active service is very different from that life in time of peace. In the latter the routine, combined with the absence of spiritual excitement, might well deaden any instinct of poetic self-expression. But in time of war there are, for every man, repeated periods of intense spiritual stress, when every fibre of his being is at high strain; and the pent-up energies thus generated would naturally, in the case of a sensitive and poetical nature, find expression along the line of least resistance. Moreover, the very ugliness and devastation which attend the fighting of modern armies cannot but awaken, in anyone who has moved among them, an intense and passionate longing for their opposite. Few men, whether poets or not, can have lived at any time amid the dreary desolation of the Somme battlefield, without thinking, with the eager yearning of which poetry is made, of the quiet delights of their native countryside, of flowers and fields and hedgerows, of peace and homeliness and security. Thus out of the very loathsomeness of the actual is born the longing for the ideal. The mystic might perhaps add that, the essence of the soul being beauty, she cannot be too long deprived of her like without rebellion. One with personal experience of the soldier's life might also add that, by a similar impulse, the very pressure of military routine—the necessity of being, in some measure, a unit in the mass, an automaton—may not unreasonably awaken a craving for individual self-expression, for untrammelled and self-realised freedom, in the only region where it remains possible—namely, in the spacious kingdom of the mind.

Thus there are several reasons well understood by psychology, why the soldier of to-day might feel the impulse to betake himself to verse, in order to escape from the actualities which beset him. War, from this point of view acts as a foil. The poetry to which it gives birth arises by a kind of polarity. It exemplifies the intensest form of action and reaction.

There is another kind of stimulus, of course, which may be responsible for such poetry—differing from that of which we have just been speaking in that it inheres in war itself and is not, like, the former, born of the violent negation of war. This stimulus is purely ethical in character and is involved in all those elements which, from the side of human nature, give grandeur and

nobility to the act of fighting. War has ever been the supreme theatre of valour and self-sacrifice. It is spiritual, because its crowning virtue is the contempt of death; it is spiritual, also, because the mere carrying on of its day-to-day routine involves the sacrifice of comfort, ease, security—of all, in short, which is prized and sought for by the physical and lower nature. And, because it is spiritual in this sense, it has about it the material of poetry. The present war has had an even stronger spiritual appeal, because in the minds of all who have fought for the Allied nations it has been, in the deepest sense, a Crusade. Every man who has taken up arms against the Central Powers has felt that he was fighting for a greater cause than the mere victory of one group of peoples over another. He has been conscious that he has been fighting for Light against Darkness, and that the spiritual destiny of humanity depended vitally upon the issue. The great conflict, which has just concluded, has about it an elemental grandeur unparalleled by former wars. Not only in its magnitude, but in the quality of the issues at stake, it stands alone. Its overtones have vibrated right up into the regions of the Spirit: and the poet, in his character of the *sacer vates*, the interpreter between Gods and men, can have no nobler matter for inspiration.

In Mr. Adcock's volume commemorating some of our soldier-poets who have fallen in the war, both of the two broad lines of inspiration to which allusion has been made are evident. It is not one for literary criticism of the ordinary kind. He does not set out to evaluate the authors whom he commemorates. The pages he devotes to each are, in every case, of the nature of a personal notice, and the poems, or passages, which he quotes are taken usually as illustrative of some individual characteristic or attitude of mind, or of some generalised statement on the psychology of the soldier-poet. We think that Mr. Adcock was wise to treat his subject in this way. The setting of one poet against another, in terms of comparative literary merit, would have struck a jarring note. Time will sort out the greater from the less in this company. Moreover, had the book had a critical intention, the general form of it would have necessarily been quite different. As it is, we have exactly what we want—an illuminating and most sympathetic essay on the soldier-poet and his reaction upon the war, illustrated by reference to a certain group who, perhaps, more than any others have earned the double title, because they died a soldier's death.

In a book of this kind we are interested more in the personalities of those who wrote than in the actual value of what they wrote; and although some of the names in this volume will live, and much of the work is of unusual merit and distinction, what gives us our chief pleasure in reading these pages is the glimpse which they give into the human and personal side of many of these soldier-poets. It is delightful to be told of Harold Parry's love of children—a love which he embodies in the exquisite lines:—

The simplest things in life are loveliest:

The smile of little children whose sweet eyes

Have not yet ceased from wistful wondering.

and to learn that his great ambition, after the war, was to find some school where he could teach and "show to the child that there are greater and more wonderful things in the world than self or money." Delightful, too, to observe how both Colwyn Philipps and Wyndham Tennant adored their mothers. Indeed, as we read through this book, we feel that we are in a company of kindly, gracious souls whom it would have been well to commemorate, even had they never written a line of verse. We feel also that, in some symbolic fashion, they are representative. With their gift of utterance they speak for thousands of others—souls (who knows?) as rare and noble as themselves—who have left behind them no record of what they felt and thought. Through the soul of the soldier-poet we get a glimpse of the soul of the British Army. There were others who felt the sacred character of the cause for which they fought, or who sighed for all things beautiful amid the horrors and desolation of their sur-

roundings, and who died, as they did, on behalf of the one and without the ultimate fruition of the other. To all these the soldier-poet stands as interpreter. From his pages in days to come historians and students will gather not a little of their knowledge of what the Great War meant to the youth of Britain.

GLIMPSES OF PALESTINE.

Round About Jerusalem: Letters from the Holy Land. By J. E. Wright. Jarrold. 7s. 6d. net.

IN a Prefatory Note the writer of these pages says: "The following are extracts from letters written home from Jerusalem. The writer is again in the East, and has had no opportunity for revising them." This lack of revision is painfully evident as one reads through the book; such an unassorted jumble of topics is, we imagine, not often found in published book-form. It is a great pity that the author did not postpone publication until he had had time for sifting and arranging his material; for there is much of interest in what he writes. Here is an example; in speaking of the German Emperor's visit to Palestine about twelve years ago he says: "He (the Emperor) went to see all the German institutions (in Jerusalem). The head mistress of the Talitha Cumi School, on showing him over, said very boldly, 'We want a dining-hall; will you give us one?' That evening an architect was sent up, an estimate made, and the whole thing put down to the Emperor's account. A few days later the Emperor visited Schneller's boys' school, a very large institution. The head master received him with great ceremony, and began complaining of the bad water supply. He enlarged on the benefit it would be if they had a good swimming-bath; they had to send down into Jerusalem even for drinking-water, and they would be most grateful if he could do anything towards their getting water, to at least give the boys a good drink. That evening the Emperor sent up six donkeys with water-skins, and a note saying he would like a receipt, and hoped it was sufficient for the boys to have a good drink. Later, when at Damascus, he was entertained in a lordly manner by a native prince in a room where the furniture was magnificent even for the East. The prince, seeing him admire the carpet, said with Eastern politeness, 'All is yours.' 'Thank you,' said the Emperor; and next morning he sent up his men with a van, and had the furniture packed up. He said he would teach people to say what they meant!"

The pages which deal with the journey through Galilee have a special interest now. The writer emphasizes the rottenness of everything with which the Turks have to do. He refers also to the German colonies at Haifa and Acre, and the German hostel on the top of Mount Carmel; indeed, the numerous references to the activities of Germans in Palestine throw an instructive light on the energetic way in which German influence has been pushed in recent years. We may believe that the Germans, lay and clerical, of whom the writer speaks, were actuated by honest motives when they began their activities here; but that they were the instruments of a dark and sinister power behind them cannot be doubted even by the most charitably-minded.

We miss in these pages any reference to the far-reaching problems which are exercising the minds of men at the present time; above all, those of the future suzerainty of Palestine, and the Jewish Question. What is more calculated to strike the imagination than the fact that the finger of Providence seems to point to England as being the future suzerain power in Palestine? England is the greatest Christian empire, and at the same time the greatest Mahomedan ruling power; to which must be added the country which has accorded better treatment to the Jews than any other in Europe. That this should be the power which, in all human probability, is to guide the destiny of the land, holy alike to Christian, Jew, and Mahomedan, is, to say the least, a very striking fact.

We should have welcomed much more information about the Jews in Palestine than this book affords—their colonies, many of which were very flourishing before the War, their social condition, and especially their religious affairs, also their relationship to Christians and Mahomedans. These and many other topics might well have been dealt with; unfortunately the writer has little or nothing to say about them.

AN OLLA PODRIDA.

Cities and Sea Coasts and Islands. By Arthur Symons. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is a collection of essays dating in some cases from the last century, and all obviously anterior to the cataclysm which for a time has rendered impossible the attitude of artistic—and slightly inhuman—detachment by which they are characterised. The background changes from Seville to Trafalgar Square; from Land's End to the Islands of Aran; and pictures, mysticism, poetry, and London fog are among the subjects considered. Naturally, the volume contains some admirable writing, such as the beautiful translation from San Juan de la Cruz ("En una noche oscura"), and the description of Tarragona's ruddy brown cathedral, and gaslit mole turning at night to "a horseshoe with golden nails." It is, indeed, the Spanish portion of the book which most attracts us. There is an interesting dissertation on the highly popular Núñez de Arce, "one of those many poets who expect to get credit for the excellent nature of their intentions, who do for the most part get credit for it, and who are genuinely surprised if it is pointed out that in poetry intention counts for nothing, apart from achievement"; and on that general barrenness of Spanish poetry since Calderon so surprising in a people of "essentially poetic temperament." The "brightness, blitheness and animation" of Seville, "a city in which pleasure is the chief end of existence, and an end easily attained, by simple means within everyone's reach," are charmingly set before us. In that favoured city even a holiday crowd is admitted to a share in the author's sympathies—sternly closed against happy Londoners disporting themselves upon Hampstead Heath.

It is, in fact, where our own metropolis is concerned that we chiefly notice that element of inhumanity to which allusion has been made. The still life of London (the London, be it understood, of two or three decades ago) inspires Mr. Symons with an agreeable and contagious enthusiasm. But for the fellow creatures who inhabit that city he entertains a very different feeling. He makes an exception certainly in favour of a policeman who (somewhere, we suppose, in the nineties) was wont to patrol Fountain Court by night, and, finding Mr. Symons awake and out of doors, would sometimes engage him in literary discussion. (This official had never read Tennyson, but opined that he was rather a lady-like writer, "a surprising and profound criticism" which we suspect had been acquired at second-hand). But he "cannot help sometimes wondering why 'the Saturday night frequenters of Edgware Road' exist" or "take the trouble to go on existing"; and that passengers on the tops of trams are in no way "better or more worthy of attention" than the trees which line the Embankment, is a saying too hard for the Philistine consciousness to receive. The author notes that Lamb, towards the end of his life, "found it melancholy" to see the very streets altering every day. He is himself quite as melancholy and a good deal more virulent in his lamentations over that particular phase of London's history which twenty years ago found favour in his sight. Yet that very phase was reviled with equal vigour by critics of an older school; and we fancy that for the generation now growing up those conditions which Mr. Symons regards with such horror bear a different aspect. His strictures, besides, seem already out of date.

One of the most striking passages describes a brief sojourn made in 1898 at the monastery of Montserrat.

30 November 1918

It is not, however, the place visited which interests us so much as the effect produced on the visitor. "For once I was perfectly happy, and with that element of strangeness in my happiness without which I cannot conceive happiness." In consequence Mr. Symons, who had intended to make a long stay, left at the end of three days. "I would obtain from things as from people only their best; and I hold it to be not only wisdom towards oneself, but a point of honour towards them." An illuminating sentence, indeed, and one which explains many things in the book. The following may be considered still more suggestive. "Myself has always been so absorbing to me that it was perhaps natural that, along with that habitual companionship, there should be at times the desire for escape."

A PARIS CANTREEN.

Verdun Days in Paris. By Marjorie Grant. Collins. 6s. net.

MISS GRANT'S Paris is not the Paris of Big Bertha and her Gotha relatives, and its record would be out of date if it did not treat of the imperishable as well as of incidental things. The spirit is eternally the same. Take the bored lady at the window with a Zeppelin overhead.

"C'est embêtant," she remarks coldly, "one has been disturbed. . . . This infect machine—just as I was about to wash my hair! It is not convenient."

"Infect machine" is an admirable expression which we shall remember if the "inconvenience" should recur this side of the Channel.

Miss Grant's experiences at the start of the war are comically like those of many earnest souls. She is humorously frank about them. She began by feverish knitting in her native Canada, until it was borne in upon her that the forces were already stifling in a Penelope's web of philanthropic worsted. She then rushed off to a hospital, where she was not allowed to nurse. Then, by the simple process of walking into a Canteen Refuge at the busy time of day, she found herself a needed helper with no questions asked, and, the very first night, was able to satisfy the appetites of twenty-five refugee children from Rheims.

The story of the canteen is as lively, pathetic and amusing as a spirited pen and quick sympathies can make it. Miss Grant steers clear of slushy sentiment. The warmest acknowledgment of her devotion, from a recipient whose English was limited, appears to have been "Plum-pudding, oh, very well indeed!" It is interesting to find that the British race is still linked in the Gallic mind with the genial buxomness of plum-pudding. "I do think lentils are unpleasant little things," remarks Miss Grant a little later. We quite agree. They are not only unpleasant, but all the most unpleasant people preach them steadily. The canteen was unavoidably over-lentilled, just as our restaurants overflowed for a time with the butter bean.

The time of the story is 1914 and 1915, and Verdun rules the atmosphere. The *poilus* and their *marraines* come in and out of the pages, for the canteen goes on steadily and so does the fighting, and "leave" is sometimes quite a year delayed. M. Jean is a delightful person, and the reader rejoices when Miss Grant adopts him for a *filleul*. Captain Roden has a suspicious air of coming in because the author has said to herself, "Come, come! if this is to be a sort of novel, there must be some kind of love-story somewhere." He falls out sharply soon after a rather charming little series of gracefully *empresées* letters.

Miss Grant winds up with her impressions of London after Paris. The chief difference that she notices is the English attitude to Canada. We now, it seems, make a distinct effort not to say "You Americans," in speaking to a Canadian. That is something.

Some of the criticisms of war work abroad most certainly apply nearer home. Listen to this, and say what country's withers are unwrung:—

"I began to realise the missionary's common difficulty at 'getting in touch' with the heathen. For a week I had been seeing hospitals up and down the Riviera, all one-time hotels, all huge, and all without exception practically empty. They seemed unitedly to look upon all voluntary aid with cold suspicion and dislike. . . . The truth seemed to be that there were at that time three times too many hospitals, and most of the nurses admitted it. If instead of having so many half-empty and ill-run places, they would close most of them and concentrate their resources, they would achieve more. But every Colonel and General's wife and sister and aunt insists upon having her own particular field of action and every woman wants to organize and lead."

It is still true enough of places other than the Riviera, but less true now than then. Miss Grant's remarks on everything are sensible, her eyes are seeing eyes, and her pen is dipped in laughter, which is the better way when your subject goes too deep for tears.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND.

A History of Everyday Things in England. Part I, 1066-1499. By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. Batsford. 3s. 6d. net.

THE Batsford hall-mark of good taste is a thing apart. It cannot make a bad book good, but, when added to a good book in itself, it gives that indefinable something, that Attic salt, the presence of which is chiefly recognizable by its absence elsewhere. A well-bred book, this, made by gentlefolk for gentlefolks' children, and the boy or girl who is lucky enough to possess it will learn more essential history, more of the life of the past, than from a crowd of ordinary text books. Grown-ups, too, may find it interesting.

Why did the Normans build their castles with such lofty keeps, and intersect their great halls with a stately arch? Look at this book, and you will wonder you never thought of the answer. England was so thickly wooded that the sentry must have a point of vantage for his watch; and the hand-cutting of 34-foot beams to go across a hall being a matter of difficulty, the presence of an arch to support two sets of beams of half the length solved a real problem. Again, why was England, after the settled rule of the Conqueror, so convulsed by civil war in the days of Stephen? Because permission to build castles and so to overawe the countryside was contrary to the policy of the Conqueror, but given by his successor to far too many barons. Again, look at the plans of various monasteries in succeeding centuries, and see how they express the character of the inmates. Contrast the complete *appartement* of the Carthusian with the generous provision for learning and a common life of the Benedictine, with *scriptorium*, refectory and parlour, or room where the monks can talk, and you will see why, in our social country, Benedictine convents are scattered up and down, while Carthusians

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never had more than nine establishments throughout the land. Or look at the plans of English houses, note the development of comfort in the growth of bedrooms, windows and sitting-rooms, read how carpets and baths were introduced by Eleanor of Castile, and habitually used by the Templars, and you will have learnt more of the progress of English civilisation than a dozen history books would teach.

The incidental touches, too, are delightful. Think of the great Abbot Samson, then a simple monk, going safely through Italy by pretending to be Scotch, and using bad language; of the thirteenth-century ship with castles at bow and stern for carrying armed men, the memory of which survives in the fo'c'sle of to-day; of the law of 1285 by which no bushes, trees or ditches were to be left within 200 feet of a high road. This law, which throws a vivid light on the state of the country, and might have been enforced with advantage in the days of highwaymen—how real it makes our ancestors! See how the development of trade brings about a corresponding improvement in the type of ship; how fan-tracery grows out of the increasingly elaborate vaulting of the previous century; how the mill, worked by wind or water, becomes more useful and beautiful as time goes on. Why are the illuminated manuscripts, which are the treasures of our museums, so often inscribed with the ancestors of the schoolboy curse: "Steal not this book for fear of shame"? Because the monks not only read the books, but made them, and had the pride of artists in their handiwork.

A word of praise is due to the illustrations. Young people unused to the artistic conventions of an earlier day are frequently bewildered, if not disgusted, by their apparently grotesque character; in the present case illustrations of life and costume have been redrawn by the authors with no loss of accuracy, and with the added gain of a reality and convincingness perceptible to the untrained eye.

In a second edition the authors will find it advisable to modify their statement on p. 125 that Chaucer's Prioress did not dip her fingers in the sauce. The point is that she did not dip them *deep*, and the instance is in any case illustrative rather of earlier French than contemporary English refinement, since it is merely an adaptation of a passage in the *Roman de la Rose*. It may also be worth noting that the twelfth-century cart with its osier sides and team of oxen may be seen any day in the streets of Siena.

If the second volume prove equal to the first, authors and publisher may be congratulated on having produced a work on English Social Life from the Conquest to the Nineteenth Century which should become a standard prize for English history in all junior class rooms.

OLD FRIENDS AGAIN.

Married by Stealth. By Florence Warden. Ward Lock. 5s. net.

LET those who lament that London is full of "red, cross women," as the schoolboy said, rejoice. For the idiot girl of surpassing beauty, who lets the nearest adventurer marry her to the nearest scoundrel, still exists. Miss Florence Warden, veteran depicter of lovely helplessness, "presents" her in a tolerable novel with a happy ending. The plot is a sort of reversal of Olivia's story in the 'Vicar.' The clergyman turns out to be a layman after all, so pretty Charlotte is not married to the villain (who, of course, is only a church-door villain: they never get beyond that door in fiction), and she is left securely the wife of her adoring soldier. The hero is bound to come to grief in any case. Either he stops a bullet when he leaves his Charlotte, or he doesn't stop a bullet and he has to live with her; and Charlotte at forty will certainly make him long for "my cushy old trench," as the ex-vagrant described his latest quarters. It is all Miss Warden's fault. She is like Poe's mesmeric doctor, who will keep a corpse alive long after the corpse's natural inclination.

GOLDEN SYRUP.

Children of the Dear Cotswolds. By L. Allen Harker. Murray. 6s. net.

THE adjective in the title rather sets the keynote of this pleasing but slightly sentimental little set of sketches of angel children and delightful peasants. They are all lovable enough, and you feel that the Cotswolds must be an excellent place, and all that, but . . . somehow it all seems to belong to a world of mothers' meetings and gentle spinsters living round a green, where one donkey gives them something to talk about by munching two wallflowers. Real things enough come in. Love and birth and death are real in the dear Cotswolds, as much as in dear Gower Street, and the treatment of them here is quite sincere. Perhaps it is that a certain school has had its long Victorian day for playing on our emotions, and that day has set in a sky made red with blood and grey with boredom. It is hard to say what fiction we shall turn to next—perhaps, to idylls of the darling League of Nations.

CRUDE AND CLEVER.

Mockery. By Alexander Macfarlan. Heinemann. 6s. net.

'MOCKERY' is at least original—which is a good deal to say of any novel. The author does not seem quite to have made up his mind whether he is writing a farce or a tragedy. The two overlap quite naturally in life, but in fiction we have usually had them served up in separate covers.

The book is a study of the crudest, most childish vanity in an extraordinarily crude but very human being. The choice of a travelling Anti-Popery crusade because it kept him in the limelight is a freakish but understandable move for Grant. His courtship of Miss Ward for her supposed money, and her acceptance of him for his, make good ironic comedy. The situation on the island is sheerly farcical, and makes the queerest background for Grant's romantic love for Ursula. It is to the author's credit that the passion "gets over the footlights" here. You really feel the glow of it, all the grotesque accessories notwithstanding. This seems to show that Mr. Macfarlan will make a novelist. That the tale is at any rate seriously conceived and told is shown by the A.M.G.D. at the end. There are curious little slips everywhere. The Honourable John Horton's wife would have been the Honourable Mrs. Horton (page 24). "Wanly" is not "an adjective disgusting in the extreme" (page 227) but an ordinary, slightly affected adverb. "Attrition" does not mean remorse. Oh, Mr. Macfarlan! with four years of a "war of attrition" behind you, to think that it did!

All the same, the tale has promise, and redounds on the whole to the greater glory of Mr. Heinemann.

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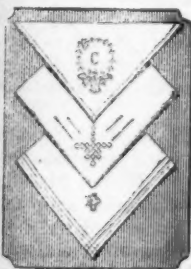
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"SICK OF LOVE."

Mansell Fellowes. By A. M. Ludovici. Grant Richards. 6s. net.

THE discussion of sex-problems in fiction is open to this among other objections, that the most emancipated novelist cannot bring forward all the facts affecting the issues involved. The result is at best a series of half-truths, more dangerous, if the old proverb be accepted, than downright falsehood. The reviewer of such a novel as 'Mansell Fellowes' is naturally bound by the same restrictions as its author. Yet we may, perhaps, suggest that the faculty for what is called dying of love is not so rare in modern times as it is here assumed to be, that it is by no means peculiar to women super-eminent endowed with physical advantages, and that marriages for which it is the motive do not invariably confer any appreciable benefit upon the race. As a minor point we would observe that there is no reason for believing personal beauty to have been at all more usual in the days of the Stuart kings than now; and that, as regards the question of constancy, bereaved husbands and wives during that ideal period dried their eyes and looked for a new love with a persistence which astonishes us even after four years' experience of war. Further, we are at a loss to understand why the less worthy of the two heroines, with many facilities for the matrimonial quest, should so long have remained single, since she would have been contented with a Eurasian, and is ultimately contented with a curate. A less hazardous theme which is also introduced, the merits or otherwise of the Roman Catholic system, it is impossible to criticise within a brief space. But we observe that the priest employed as official champion of that system is made to appear under a rather more respectable aspect than the other characters, who are in truth a dreary and futile company.

LOVE IN THE MIST.

Minniglen. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Murray. 7s. net.

WE naturally expect that a novel by these popular authors should depend for its appeal less on character than on plot. Yet we doubt whether they realize the unattractive light in which they have placed their latest hero and heroine. Selfishness, colossal and Nietzschean in the man's case, and in the woman's of the "clinging" variety, is with both the most conspicuous quality. Despite their boasted ancestry, they also impress us as being snobs at heart, comparing unfavourably with the good-natured though farcical bounders who serve the purpose of foils. The only agreeable people in the book are the two suffragist ladies who more or less play providence to the impracticable young couple. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the story has no small measure of interest and charm. The old device of mistaken identity is employed with an ingenuity which makes it almost as

good as new, and through its agency we are introduced into a fascinating atmosphere of mystery and romance. The saving grace of humour, too, is by no means wanting, and shows itself especially in some, not unsympathetic, impressions of suffragist conversation, and in criticisms on the Irish question, which only a native of Ireland would have had the courage to formulate. We are also glad to be spared all details of the hard experience, as soldier and V.A.D. respectively, which finally brings the two protagonists to a better mind, and guides them in some marvellous fashion to the conventional happy ending.

FOUR LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

The Girls of Chequertrees. By Marion St. John Webb. Harrap. 6s. net.

FOUR girls personally unknown to each other are established for a period of six months at Chequertrees, the country house of a benevolent but eccentric lady intent upon a curious project. Its object is to allow her four protégées scope for the development of their individuality by placing them in a position of isolated independence. The subjects of this rather unlikely experiment are all in their middle teens, and that it should be represented as desirable in a typically respectable story for juvenile readers is a good testimonial to the modern school-girl. The conduct of the young ladies entirely justifies the trust reposed in them; but they are by no means oppressively perfect, and their little failings are amusingly enough described. Their respective dispositions may be alliteratively summed up by the adjectives, snobbish, subdued, stolid and superior, the last not being intended in a derogatory sense. They devote themselves severally to music, needlework, dancing and painting, and in the course of these pursuits encounter various mild adventures. Further interest is supplied by the persecution which one of the four endures from detrimental relations. We regret that Miss Crabingway, the mysterious benefactress, appears so late on the scene, as she gives us the impression of an original and carefully studied personality. The illustrations by Percy Tarrant are pleasing and not wanting in character.

THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE.

England and Palestine: Essays towards the Restoration of the Jewish State. By Herbert Sidebotham (Student of War). Constable. 6s. net.

THE question of the future of Palestine has now become one of living interest, and Mr. Sidebotham's book, which deals with this problem, is fortunate in its hour of publication. We do not know whether it was deliberately kept back. The date of the preface—January, 1918—suggests this, although in these difficult days it may well be that the length of the period that has elapsed since the manuscript left the author's hand was inevitable. If the delay is fortunate in one respect, it is also unfortunate, since events have moved very rapidly since the book was completed and its contents, especially some of the strategical forecasts, are in part out of date. But the purpose of Mr. Sidebotham was not to forecast strategy. And whether or not his expectations at Salonica have been realized, the value of the book as a consideration of the future of Palestine is in no way diminished.

The books on the future of Palestine published recently have, without exception, advocated the Zionist solution and have been written by Jews. Mr. Sidebotham supports very strongly the Zionist solution of the Palestine problem, but he does so not as a Jew. Moreover, although very sympathetically disposed towards the Zionist ideals, he treats the subject entirely from the British point of view. The facts that Zionist interests coincide with British and that the Jews throughout the world desire a British protectorate in

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have been won. Let us see to it that they are now fully enjoyed. Britain went to war to conquer oppression and tyranny. In one sense her task is accomplished. In another sense her task remains.

The fruits of victory must be clearly and constantly visible in our beloved land. The oppression of hopeless poverty, and the tyranny of a ceaseless dread of the future must cease, and cease for ever. Our people, all of them, must *live* and not merely *exist*. Even if they are very poor and quite blind still they must have the joy of becoming

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Palestine are in a sense accidental. They are not in the main course of Mr. Sidebotham's thesis. He advocates a Jewish Palestine under British protection as a supreme British interest, a strengthening of the weakest link of the chain of empire. A friendly Palestine as a protection to the Canal and Egypt is to him essential. But such a Palestine must not only be friendly, but also adequately populated and governed. The land is at present ill covered. Its population amounts to about 650,000. The most moderate estimate provides for an additional million and a half inhabitants. Some authorities that deserve respect say that it could support with ease another five millions. Whatever number the country could absorb, only one people could provide them, and that is the Jewish. Europeans, apart from a few hundred German colonists and religious enthusiasts, have never shown any desire to settle there. The Turks have ruled the country for centuries, but have never lived there. So far from the probability of an Arab immigration, it is to be expected that the creation of an Arab state or states in Western Asia will draw a migration out of Palestine into the new lands. On the other hand, there are hundreds of thousands, almost millions, of Jews in Eastern Europe, North Africa, and Asia, whose dearest longing is to become a part of the Jewish people in Palestine. They have not awaited the freedom of the land. Immigration of the Jews into Palestine has been continuous during the past thirty-five years. Against inconceivable difficulties they have built up an autonomous, prosperous settlement, which has been able to stand the tests of war, Turkish oppression and incompetence. These Jewish pioneers have literally made the desert blossom like the rose. They have given evidence of what they can make of Palestine, provided they get the opportunity. Moreover, the Jews as a people have for the past century and more been imbued with feelings of confidence in and gratitude to Britain. This is no artificial creation, for time and again British Governments have intervened on behalf of Jewish victims of oppression and persecution in all parts of the world. Thus there is a land on the flank of the Suez Canal the welfare of which is of supreme interest to the British Empire. This land is at present unoccupied, but there is a people, very friendly towards Britain, willing to occupy and well able to develop it. It is to their interest, in fact it is essential to them, that they should have not only British friendship, but also British protection, for this people cannot as yet stand alone, and no power but Britain with the exception of the United States, which, however, holds only a second place in its affections, has its confidence. Mr. Sidebotham endorses all this, which is accepted without question by all students of Jewish politics. His thesis is to prove that a Jewish Palestine under British protection, or in some other manner a part of the British Empire, is a paramount interest. All impartial readers of his book will agree that he has put his case with success.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'The Religion of the Beatitudes,' by the Rev. Minos Devine. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net). The author, who gave us awhile since a "practical application" of the teachings of Ecclesiastes, publishes here a discussion of the Beatitudes which seeks to "enforce their teaching by illustrations from history, biography, and literature." Mr. Devine is well read, both in the treasures of the past and the problems of the present, and he writes well. We wish that accomplishments of this kind were more common among the preachers of to-day. There is much in effective illustration, and great books like 'Les Misérables' and 'The Mill on the Floss,' whether by professed Christians or not, sometimes put great truths better than many a preacher can. Writers outside the Christian revelation may fairly be credited with an "anima naturaliter Christiana." George Meredith, as Mr. Devine remarks, "has warned us in the character of Evan Harrington not to despise a virtue purely pagan." While we admire the width and aptness of the references put before us, we rather wonder that no use has been made of Bacon, who considers, for instance, that revenge is an uncomfortable thing which does not pay. "This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well." But he adds that "public revenges are for the most part fortunate." The spirit of resentment, which is a sudden passion, is



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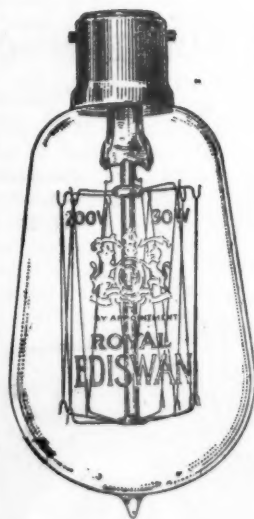
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OUR LIBRARY TABLE—(Continued).

much commoner than that of revenge, a prolonged feud. Revenge is barbaric: the civilised man has too much to think about and to do to nurse a feud. Byron wrote to Moore:—"The fact is, I cannot help my resentments, though violent enough in their onset." The Indian's comment on "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth," has been anticipated by Mark Twain, who said sarcastically that he never knew the English were mentioned in the Bible till he came to this passage. The word "meek" has in derivation and modern meaning a sense of softness and pliability which is not an English characteristic. Tolstoy and Nietzsche come in specially in this connexion, and Mr. Devine has an extra note on both, referring, we are glad to see, to Dr. Figgis's book on 'The Will to Freedom,' which is none the worse for recognising Nietzsche's charm. The quotation from Gissing on the English as essentially an Old Testament people is apt. The English see themselves as the chosen, and before the war had a long career of prosperity. Bacon has told us that "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; Adversity is the blessing of the New." Some time Mr. Devine might add a discourse on non-Christian ideas of happiness, such as the "Felix qui potuit" of Virgil, on which Matthew Arnold commented in his lines on Goethe:—

"And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness."

'Soliloquies of a Hermit,' by Theodore Francis Powys. (Melrose, 3s. 6d. net). The hermit lives in a cottage near the sea a simple life and preaches in this book a kind of mystical religion which is not easy to grasp. He is a lonely man who spends much of his time in meditating, and a restless man, for he must walk up and down when he is tired. Sometimes he appears to be an infidel and sometimes a believer. The chronicle of his moods tends to copious paradox and contradiction. Not at one with the people of the world, he is prepared to patronise them by calling them "dear children." He loiters through life making discoveries, some of which strike us as odd. Thus he writes:—"I suppose that there can be nothing beautiful in anything that has gone on a long while without changing; it is only the ugly part of us that can live through so many generations of flesh and blood." He is not free from what Lamb called "modesto-vanitas." He preaches all the time and conveys the impression that he is a select spirit. Yet he says that he has reached a state in which he has not the slightest value for his own opinion. "I am not here to do right or wrong, or to teach anyone; I am here to live." That is the worst of hermits; they live alone but they don't keep their soliloquies to themselves, especially if they have an edifying command of language, like Mr. Powys. Busy in understanding themselves, they feel that they "know quite enough about other people." And they spin out of the complexities of their own thoughts, for which they have a great deal of time, a new religion for the busy world. "A talent," says Goethe, "is formed in the stillness, a character in the stream of the world." But the up-to-date hermit probably prefers Nietzsche, who was, indeed, a master of paradox and a lonely man. There is a delight in preaching which is widespread, we fear, in the human race. Just now the amount of people who feel themselves qualified to instruct and reconstruct the world is amazing. We are inclined to put to some of them the question in the 'Imitatio Christi' which struck Dr. Johnson: "If thou canst not make thyself such as thou wouldst wish to be, how wilt thou be able to mould another according to thy liking?" But such doubts would hardly trouble a hermit who declares, "The only person I ever preach to is myself," and then publishes his preaching.

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THE CITY.

The second report of the Select Committee on Transport emphasises the main points of the railway position which have been referred to from time to time in this column. The war system whereby the railways of the country were brought under one control has demonstrated the great benefits of unification, and it is now generally agreed among railway experts and traders that a reversion to the competition of pre-war days is inadvisable, the single control having proved more economical and more efficient. It is also clear that, owing to the rise in wages, if the railways were handed back to the companies they would be unable to maintain pre-war dividends unless rates were increased or very large economies effected. Passenger rates have been raised and a further addition to fares would cause popular outcry. Freight rates have not been increased, but as any large advance would be injurious to trade it would meet with strong opposition. Important economies can only be obtained by improved administration and by the employment of costly labour-saving devices. It is very doubtful whether these would be effectively adopted if the companies reverted to the old system of competitive management. Large capital expenditure would be necessary, and before it became remunerative the stockholders would experience a very lean period.

The Transport Committee recommends not merely unification of management, but unification of ownership. Single ownership could only be either by the State or by one huge joint stock company, and almost inevitably a joint-stock monopoly would lead to State ownership. The inherent objection of business men to State control is probably the main obstacle to nationalisation, and they may be obliged to put aside their prejudices in order to secure the advantages of an improved railway system. Railway stockholders are apparently the last persons to be considered. There is an old Act under which the Government has the right to buy out the companies on the basis of twenty-five years' purchase on the average dividends of the past three years, but its application to-day is very doubtful in view of the events of the last four years. Most probably new proposals will be brought forward in due course, and meanwhile it is certainly advisable for railway stockholders to organize themselves in order that their case may be adequately represented when the time comes.

The results shown by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway for the year to June 30th last suggest that the ordinary stock may receive a satisfactory dividend for the current year. In the four months to date traffics show an increase of over £1,000,000 gross, and if the ratio of expenses to revenue for 1917-18, namely 65 per cent., has not been very largely increased it is a fair presumption that the company has earned as much as 3 per cent. on the ordinary stock in four months. Doubtless the board will decide to put larger sums to renewals than last year, but even allowing for contingencies of that nature, the dividend outlook seems promising and the stock at its present price is an attractive speculative investment to mix with better class securities.

For the first time the report of the Tanganyika Concessions for 1917 shows a credit balance, the amount being £188,270 as compared with debits of about £140,000 in each of the three preceding years. The improvement is entirely due to a credit of £352,800 in respect of a part of the profits of the Union Minière, the Belgian Company which has been unable to call a meeting or distribute profits during the war because of the German occupation of Brussels. The payment to the Tanganyika Company has been made in anticipation and has been applied mainly in meeting arrears of debenture interest. It is perhaps too early yet to look for dividends on Tanganyika shares, but the corner has been turned, and there should be no more debit balances in the accounts.

CALEDONIAN (CEYLON) TEA AND RUBBER ESTATES REPORTED IN FIRST-CLASS CONDITION. ARTIFICIAL CULTIVATION.

THE ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders of the Caledonian (Ceylon) Tea and Rubber Estates, Ltd., was held on the 26th inst. at the registered office, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. Arthur A. Baumann (chairman of the company) presiding.

Mr. A. Macdonald Smith, representing the Secretaries (Culloden Consolidated Company, Ltd.), having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said:—Gentlemen,—You will see from the report that has been in your hands for the past week that the crops harvested during the year were: Rubber, 137,682 lbs., and tea, 593,952 lbs., and that the net prices realised were, for tea 8.13d., and for rubber 1s. 9.04d. If you will turn to the trading account you will see that the net proceeds by the sale of our produce amounted to £32,042 odd, of which £12,025 was for rubber and £19,769 odd was for tea. In order to get that result your estate costs were £22,573, of which £8,489 was for rubber and £16,084 odd was for tea. Then come the London expenses, directors' fees, secretaries' fees and general expenses, amounting to £1,285, leaving finally a balance to be carried to the appropriation account of £8,087 3s. 3d. Well, what we propose to do with that is this: To the balance of £8,087 must be added the balance brought forward from last year—namely, £3,647 19s. 2d.—and then there is the excess profits duty of £1,729 10s. to be deducted, leaving a total of £10,005. From that you must subtract the interest on the debentures, £3,050, and the dividend on the 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares, amounting to £1,920, leaving available £5,035 12s. 5d., which, subject to your approval, we propose to dispose of by paying a dividend of 6 per cent. on the ordinary shares, which will absorb £2,100, by placing £500 to the credit of the coast advances reserve account, and by carrying forward to next year £2,435 12s. 5d.

A DIFFICULT SEASON.

The past season has been a very difficult one in every way, with the disabilities of rupee currency, high rates of exchange, scarcity of freight and high costs of supplies. Our tea crop did not come up to expectations owing to the enforced abandonment of all manuring and to the finer system of plucking which had to be adopted at the commencement of the season, at a time when, owing to the impossibility of securing freights, we were at the mercy of the Ceylon market, and when anything not of the best was unsaleable at a profit. Rubber has been a disappointment, too, for although our output was some 10,000 lbs. in excess of the 1916-17 figures, we have been handicapped by the poorer prices obtained, the net average price for the year being, as will be noted, just over 1s. 9d. per lb., as against 2s. 6d. per lb. in the year before. It is, however, a matter of satisfaction to the board that, in a year when expenses have been notoriously high, we should have been able, despite the big falling off in the tea yield, to show so considerable a saving in this connection, the f.o.b. costs, including depreciation, being, for tea, 6.50d. per lb. and for rubber 11.31d., against 7.84d. for tea, and 13.42d. for rubber in 1916-17. The estimates for the current season point to crops of 625,000 lbs. of tea and 150,000 lbs. of rubber, and our agents in Colombo look upon these figures as conservative. So far this season the crops have been coming in well, and the latest reports to hand read most favourably as to the general condition of the properties, and all that is now wanted is a return to more normal times and to judicious expenditure of money upon artificial cultivation. Each of the estates is in need of manuring—of heavy and systematic manuring—and it is not until that has been thoroughly taken in hand that any great increase in yields can reasonably be expected.

THE FUTURE.

With regard to the future, of course, gentlemen, it very largely depends upon what shipping facilities we may be able to get and also upon the condition of the American market, and, indeed, I might say of all the markets of the world, which will follow upon the removal of the war restrictions. I am not an authority on shipping, and therefore I cannot say how long it will take before freights become really easy. With regard to the stocks of rubber accumulated in America, I gather from what I read in the papers that the restrictions will be almost immediately removed, and that luxurious consumption will be shortly resumed. Our experience has taught us that war consumption is not equal to the consumption of trade and luxury, and therefore we may hope that with a return to America of a considerable portion of their Forces trade and luxury motors will resume their consumption, and so use up the stocks that have been accumulating in America, and that ought, of course to have a very favourable effect upon the price of rubber. With regard to restriction of output on the part of the plantation companies, I do not know whether the Rubber Growers' Association are still going to pursue their policy of endeavouring to get a certain number of their members to comply with their restrictions. Personally, I think each estate must be left to manage its own business in the way which seems best to its directors and managers. I do not think there is any chance of State control being established, for which we must all be heartily thankful; but considering that the Rubber Growers' Association only control something like one-half of the plantation companies in the East, and that only 75 per cent. of those people have agreed to restrict their output, I think that the whole plan of a uniform curtailment of production had better be abandoned and that we, among others, had better be allowed to do what seems best in the eyes of our manager. Mr. Walker, our general manager in Ceylon, is here to-day, having come back from that island on leave, and I have no doubt

that before we separate he will tell you something about your estates which the shareholders would like to hear. I now beg to move:—"That the accounts and report submitted to this meeting be and are hereby approved and adopted, and that a dividend of 6 per cent., less tax, be paid forthwith." I will ask Sir Alfred Dent to second that resolution.

Sir Alfred Dent, K.C.M.G., seconded the resolution.

CONDITION OF THE ESTATES.

Mr. C. H. G. Walker said he had really very little to tell the shareholders about any of the properties. There was nothing to worry about in regard to any of them. They were all in first-class condition and had got good superintendents, which was a great point indeed, and in Mr. M. L. Wilkins they had a visiting agent upon whose opinion they could rely implicitly. They had two very promising rubber estates in Matale. The time was when districts at a lower elevation were looked upon as being more ideal for rubber cultivation, but opinions had veered round considerably of late. He thought it was not going too far to say that Matale was looked upon by many prominent planters as being about the most satisfactory of the lot. At any rate, estates in the district were comparatively free from disease, and this company's estates were remarkably free from disease. Although it was quite true that rubber took longer to come to maturity, still when the trees did mature they gave a very satisfactory result indeed. All that they wanted now to make the estates absolutely first class was a little money and time. As the Chairman had said, each of the estates—tea equally with rubber—was crying out for manure. They had not been able to do anything worth speaking of in that direction lately. Given plenty of manure and time in which to do the work and secure the benefits from it, he thought there was no doubt whatever that the shareholders would have no cause for regret in the Caledonian Estates. (Hear, hear.)

The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. F. P. Robijnt proposed the re-election of Mr. Arthur A. Baumann and Mr. Sidney Herbert, the retiring directors. He was sorry to say that Mr. Herbert had been seriously unwell, and was still in Scotland. It was unnecessary for him as a member of the Board to dilate upon the excellent qualities of either of the gentlemen named. They both took an extremely deep interest in the affairs of the company; they were regular in their attendance, and they never failed to give of their best for the interests of the company.

Mr. J. Roydon Hughes seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

On the motion of Mr. H. Milner Willis, seconded by Mr. Walford, it was agreed that the directors' fees for the current year and henceforth should be paid free of income-tax.

Messrs. Singleton Fabian & Co. were re-appointed auditors, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors, and also to the officials of the company, concluded the proceedings.

CARGO FLEET IRON CO.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Cargo Fleet Iron Company was held at Middlesbrough on the 27th inst. Lord Furness presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and balance-sheet said that they had estimated as closely as possible their liability to the Government, and had every reason to believe that the provision made would be sufficient to meet all claims. But the figures could not be regarded as final. It would be observed they had cancelled during the year the first debentures to the nominal value of £10,600, thereby reducing the amount outstanding to £306,300. Sundry creditors, bills payable, and unclaimed dividends stood at £1,111,819, as against £738,071 in the previous year. The big increase in that item was due to some extent to the increased volume of trade, but mainly to special provision for war profits taxation in respect of 1917. Provision for renewals and maintenance stood at £89,416, against £70,423, and £75,000 for depreciation, while additions to plant represented £81,452, compared with £21,706 the previous year. These additions formed part of their scheme for bringing the works up to date in every department and ensuring the most economical production combined with the maximum output. After deducting £5,733 for sales and profit on redemption of debentures, the item freehold and leasehold works, mines, plant, and machinery, stood at £1,679,011, as against £1,678,292 the previous year. The investments in shares and debentures of other companies remained unchanged at £81,833, while the amount of uncalled liability on shares in other companies stood at £17,333. The important item of £851,695 for Treasury bills, Exchequer Bonds, War Loan Stock, and accrued interest, was a temporary investment of money in hand, which, with cash at bankers, would be required first to meet their ultimate taxation liabilities and then pay for works extensions. Stock-in-trade stood at £90,691, against £256,882. Sundry debtors amounted to £259,713, compared with £298,747. Cash at bankers and in hand amounted to £98,765, against £194,521, the reduction in the latter being chiefly due to the holding of Treasury bills. The profit and loss account, after making adequate provision for Government taxation, showed gross trading and manufacturing profit for the year of £239,897. To that there was to be added the carry forward of £51,097, making a total of £290,994. After deducting £43,677 for debenture interest, there remained a disposable balance of £247,317. A dividend of 5 per cent. was paid on December 31st last, and it was proposed to appropriate £75,000 for depreciation, the same as was allocated the previous year. The directors had also decided to create a reserve fund by appropriation £50,000. The appropriations referred to left £72,317 to be carried forward. It was impossible to forecast the future.

The report was approved, and the Chairman and Mr. J. S. Barwick were re-elected directors.